

Vol. IX.

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No. 459

I CANNOT HATE HER.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

- I cannot hate her tho' I've tried
 A thousand times to do it;
 And now I fear my wounded pride
 Will never bring me to it.
 I turned her picture to the wall,
 Intending on it never
 The summer sunbeams more should fall;
 She said this wasn't "clever."

- To-night I see her play her part;
 Such memories will linger;
 And fickle woman's empty heart
 I balance on my finger.
 I've learned a bitter lesson from
 The false in beauty's bosom;
 And from the vanished meadows come
 The scent of clover blossom.
- Why, bless me! here's a lock of hair In this old, dusty letter; A faded gentian, too, I swear! A broken, useless fetter. What is the matter with my eyes? I wipe them, still they're misty; I smell the blooms of paradise That fringe life's saddest vista.

- Although she never thinks of me, I understand, sub rosa,
 She keeps a carte de visite,
 —Now this is inter nos—a
 Picture of a certain chap,
 Who at my window lingers,
 And takes a gentan from his lap,
 To twine around his fingers!
- This letter—last one sent by her—
 (May Heaven bless the writer!)
 I offer to a fresh cigar,
 It makes a brilliant "lighter!"
 I watch the smoke wreaths as they curl
 Above me to the ceiling;
 Iknow the fickle-hearted girl
 Would say I have no "feeling."

- Ah! let it pass! I put away
 These bitter thoughts of sorrow;
 The flowers that I pluck to-day
 Will withered be to-morrow.
 Was that a footstep on the stair?
 Yes, but not hers—that's certain!
 Of snowy hands a precious pair
 Steal up and— Drop the curtain!

Merle, the Mutineer;

THE BRAND OF THE RED ANCHOR. A Romance of Sunny Lands and

Blue Waters. BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM. AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE SURF ANGEL," "THE CORSAIRS OF HISTORY," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE CRE-TAN ROVER," "THE PIRATE PRINCE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RIVALS.
SEVERAL weeks after the arrival of Lance Grenville, as he was generally called by his inti-mates, Helen Brainard sat in her own room alone, and in deep and painful meditation, for she had confessed to her own heart, that she oved the brother of the man to whom she was

Since his return home, Lance had settled down to a quiet plantation life, and resumed the charge of the Grenville estates. He seemed no longer the restless wanderer, and his mother believed, now, that she would keep him ever near her while she live! As she sat thus in her room, in deep thought

Helen reviewed her meetings with Lance since his coming, and she felt that her love for him was returned, though no word of his had even given her cause to feel that he cared for her other than as the intended bride of his brother still she read his heart, as often a woman can Fretted at the mistake she had made, in con

fessing her love for Arthur, with an impatien gesture Helen Brainard arose, and leaving her room, went out for a walk in the lonely grounds, for she needed action to keep off her painfu

reveries.

Mechanically she sought the path leading to the rustic arbor on the cliff, and threw herself down in a wicker chair, to gaze out over A rosebud for your thoughts, Miss Helen.

The maiden started at the voice, and beheld before her a young man, elegantly dressed, and with a face that would have been very handsome, had it not been marred by dissipation and

In his hand he held a red rosebud, which he offered her in payment for the thoughts he had

Before coming to her present home, Helen had met in New Orleans Rosal Abercrombie, who then stood before her.

He had come of good family, but at the death of his father, some years before, he had inherited a large estate, which his wild extravaganges some years and in debt, and from him Com-

ces soon swamped in debt, and from him Com modore Brainard had purchased the elegan

modore Brainard had purchased the degand home in which he then lived.

With no mother's influence to guide his early years, for Mrs. Abercrombie had died when her boy was an infant, and reared by his father, a man wholly governed by his son, it was no wonder that Rosal became wild, recklessly extravagant, and willful, and threw away his inheritance without thought of the future.

when all was nearly gone, and he was forced to sell his plantation home to pay his debts, Rosal Abercrombie met Helen Brainard, and from the first meeting loved her, and swore she should

Admiring him much, the maiden had at first seemed to favor his suit; but, after her father had purchased of the dissolute youth his home, and she had met Arthur Grenville, she no longer cared for Rosal, who, to do him justice, had given up his wild life, and upon the wreck of his fortune was living quietly in the village near fortune was living quietly in the village near

Though he knew that the maiden was the ed wife of Arthur Grenville, Rosal Aber-



"Ha! ha! ha! Helen Brainard, two can play at the game of revenge, as you shall know."

commodore had named his place, to see the object of his love.

"My thoughts were not of interest to you, Mr. Abercrombie; but be seated; I am glad you have come to drive them away, for they were not of the pleasantest," said Helen, quietly.

"Would that I could ever drive from you that which was unpleasant to you, Helen," remarked the young man, earnestly.

"Mr. Abercrombie, is this generous, is it honorable in you, when you know I am engaged to turned."

orable in you, when you know I am engaged to

another?
"Bah! engaged to one man and loving another," sneered the young profligate.
"What mean you, sir? If you intend to insult me, my father shall know of your impertinence," and Helen arose to her feet, an angry

flush upon her cheeks.
"Helen Brainard, sit down! I wish to talk "Helen Brainard, sit down! I wish to talk with you. Nay, do not exhibit anger, for, though becoming in a great degree, it is yet out of place with one who loves you as I do, and who would make you his wife." "So you have often said, and as often have ceived my answer: I do not love you, Mr.

Still I would have you marry me, Helen." "Yes, you would use me as a stepping-stone, oget back your old home, which you threw way by extravagance."
The man's brow darkened; but he answered,

"No, I would marry you because I love you; had I known you years ago I would not now be

what I am. I love you, Helen, with all my soul, would have you my wife, even though I believed you loved another."

"Your love is hopeless, Rosal," protested Helen, with some kindness in her tone; and then

'I could not commit such a sin as to marry

one man and love another."
"Then I suppose you will break your engagement with Arthur Grenville?" "What do you mean, sir?"
"Simply that you love Lance Grenville, though engaged to Arthur."

Again you insult me, sir, and upon my own

land."
"If the truth offends, so be it; I tell you that which you dare not deny, and I would show you a way out of your present difficulty.
"I have read your secret, Helen Brainard, and I have read his secret love for you, and trouble hangs like a suspended knife above your head. "Be warned, Helen, and cause not trouble be

ween those two brothers; they are noble fel-lows, yet they are high-strung and passionate, and the secret will leak out, and the green-eyed monster, jealousy, may make one or the other of them a Cain.

"Break with them, Helen, and marry me."

The maiden gazad upon the man before her

The maiden gazed upon the man before her with a wild look in her eyes and a white face.

She knew well that he spoke the truth.

And she dreaded that her secret might yet be

known and then trouble would come.

She had not intended being untrue to Arthur; but it was her intention to keep her pledged word to him, and become his wife, even though Lance Grenville had fascinated her from her love

Now she felt that her secret, hardly more than admitted to her own breast, was in the possession of a reckless man—one whom she felt loved her, and would gain her for his wife by fair means if he could, by foul means if he

It was no wonder then that she turned a frightened face toward Rosal Abercrombie, but her

crombie did not despair of yet winning her, and was wont to often ride over to Landhaven, as the commodore had named his place, to see the object of his love.

"My thoughts were not of interest to you, "My thoughts were not of interest to you, "A bercrombie; but be seated; I am glad you I will work with every energy I possess.

Mr. Abercrombie; but be seated; I am glad you I will work with every energy I possess.

The definition of yet winning her, and was word to often ride over to Landhaven, as the that which may be a great crime.

"I offer you my whole love. I am not yet a beggar, for I have enough to live on, and for you I will work with every energy I possess.

The definition of the winding that which may be a great crime.

"I offer you my whole love. I am not yet a beggar, for I have enough to live on, and for you I will work with every energy I possess.

The definition of the ride over to Landhaven, as the commodore had named his place, to see the object of his love.

"I offer you my whole love. I am not yet a beggar, for I have enough to live on, and for you I will work with every energy I possess.

In one week I will come for my and the prainard, farewell forever."

Quickly the strong man turned, and walked away down the cliff path, and, her heart wrung you I will work with every energy I possess.

In one week I will come for my and the prainard threw herself upon the wicker chair beggar, for I have enough to live on, and for you I will work with every energy I possess.

The man turned, walked toward the mansion and a moment after Helen saw him dash away on horseback, and a deep sigh escaped her lips. Poor Helen!

The maiden started with a cry of alarm, and turned quickly. Before her stood the tall, elegant form of

Lance Grenville!

He was in hunting costume, buck-skin suit, top-boots and slouch hat, and stood leaning upon the muzzle of his rifle.

The arbor was divided into three compart ments—a center one, open seaward and land-ward, and here Helen had been seated when joined by Rosal Abercrombie.

Upon either side of this open hall were two

small rooms—one used as a smoking and card-room, the other as a reading retreat for warm In the doorway of the latter now stood Lance

In the doorway of the latter now stood Lance Grenville, his dark face stern and ashen, and his somber eyes still more sorrowful.

"Pardon me, Helen, for having been an eavesdropper—I was strolling along the beach, shooting water-fowl, became fatigued and came here to rest, expecting to disturb no one.

"I dropped off to sleep, lulled by the wash of the waves, and your voices in conversation awakened me, and I would have made my presence known had I not heard that which caused

me to remain quiet, for I cared not that Rosal Abercrombie should know I was present. Am I pardoned for eavesdropping? "Yes; but oh! what have you not heard?"
groaned the unhappy girl.
"Thave heard that which would make me ex-

ence known had I not heard that which ca

tremely happy, were my joy not purchased with my brother's misery. "Did Rosal Abercrombie speak the truth, Helen, when he said you cared for me more than for Arthur?"

"He did."
"You confess it?"
"With humiliation, yes."
"It is not humiliating to confess one's love,
Helen, for I tell you that I love you with my
whole heart, now that the secret is no longer my Helen gave a half-cry, as if of joy, of sorrow,

and alarm mingled.

Before her stood the noble man, who had just infessed his love for her. But he drew not nearer to her; his rifle he had and against the door, and his arms were folded upon his broad breast.

For a moment a deep and painful silence fol-lowed his words. Then Lance Grenville continued slowly and in his strangely soft tones:

"It is a great joy, Helen, to know that you love me, and yet it is a sorrow unspeakable, for it comes from the lips of one who is betrothed to one dearer to me than all other men—my bro-

"For me you feel but a passing fancy, a fascination that will fade away as soon as I am gone from here, and your noble breast will go back to its first allegiance, and you will wonder

how it could have strayed into forbidden fields my ears drink in the sweet words, and my heart clasp close this phantom love; tell me you love me, and if it were not for Arthur, that you

would be my wife."

"I love you, Lance Grenville," passionately said the maiden, advancing toward him
But he held her off, and said in a low voice: ened late sward result for the control of the contr

CHAPTER VIII.

CAIN ACCURSED.

SOBBING bitterly, Helen Brainard remained ome time in her perfect abandon of grief.

Then she started, for a light touch fell upon

her shoulder.

"Ah, Lance," she burst forth, "I knew that you would not leave me thus."

"It is not Lance, Helen."

With a bound, like an enraged lioness, Helen Brainard was upon her feet.

Before her stood Arthur Grenville!

"You! you have heard my words, sir?" she said sayagely.

aid, savagely.

"I behold you here in great grief, Helen.
Your father told me I would find you here, and
heard you speak the name of my brother in
strange tones. His rifle stands there, and I saw

The maiden made no reply, and after a mowill speak for you, Helen, and not in anger will I say a word.

will say a word.

"You remember when we stood together here, and awaited the coming of my brother?"

"Yes," broke from the white lips.

"Then I told you, half in earnest, for I seemed

in love with Lance.

"Shall I tell you, Helen, that I have lately seen that such has been the case?

"Yes, Helen, you love my brother, and not

Still the maiden uttered no word, and the man went on:
"I rode over this afternoon to break my en gagement with you, and to say good-by—"
"No, no, no, do not leave me, Arthur!" groan

ed the unhappy girl.
"Yes, I intended to rejoin my ship at once and beg to be sent cruising in the southern wa-ters after buccaneers, and never to return, until you were the wife of Lance Grenville, for I know

how well you two love each other."

"No, no, Arthur! I do not love him, you only do I love, and I swear it.

"My regard for him was adoration—fascination."

tion."
"You mistake, Helen; you love Lance, as he does you, and our engagement is at an end.
"Henceforth you are but as a sister to me.
The maiden stretched forth her hands besee

ingly toward him, and her lips moved; but no word came from them—her heart was almost breaking with the intensity of her feelings.

"Helen, I dare not touch your hand; I dare not—yes, for this once only, and it is my fare—will to leave." Springing forward he seized her in his strong arms—pressed her an instant to his breast, kissed her lips once, twice, thrice, and then turned away; turned away, not seeing that she had sunk in a heap upon the floor of the arbor, whelly unconscious

With rapid steps Arthur Grenville sought the mansion, sprung upon his waiting horse, and dashed swiftly away, just as the sun went down in the blue waters of the gulf.

An hour after sunset, Lance Grenville returned to his elegant home, where his mother was awaiting tea for him.

He looked pale and haggard, and glancing anxiously into his stern face, his mother inquired

"No, mother; bodily I am all right; but heart and brain are suffering," he answered, bit-

terly.
"My poor, poor boy," said the fond mother, remembering how he had suffered in the past,

after the death of Colonel Darrington by his hand, and the suicide of poor Lucille.
"Mother!"

"Well, Launcelot?" and Mrs. Grenville was almost frightened at the tone of her son's

It is useless trying; I cannot remain here; I

"It is useless trying; I cannot remain here; I will leave home once more."
"Not soon, I trust, Launcelot?" said the mother, her heart sinking with dread.
"Yes, to-morrow; ay, to-night—within the hour," he announced, earnestly.
"And whither would you go, my son?"
"Anywhere, everywhere! back to Mexico, and again take command of a cruiser.
"Does not David sail to-night for New Orleans with marketing?"

"Yes, but—"
"Then I shall go with him; I will at once pack'
my trunk, so please send word not to let the
lugger sail without me."
"But you will miss seeing Arthur?" said Mrs.
Grenville, trying by some ruse to detain him if
she could.
"He went over to Landhaven, I suppose?"
"Yes Lance"

"Yes, Lance."
"Then he will not return until late; bid him good-by for me," and the unhappy man left the

In an hour's time he returned, dressed for traveling, and accompanied by a negro servant bearing his trunk.

bearing his trunk.

Sorrowing for her son, whom she believed was flying from the cruel memories that haunted him when at home, Mrs. Grenville bade him farewell with many tears, and entreaties not to remain long away from her.

"I am getting old fast, Lance; see, my hair is white now, and ere long you will have no mother

mother "The sorrows I have had, have left their impress here," and she laid her hand upon her

press here," and she laid her hand upon her heart
"If you remain away long, my son, you will find no welcome from me upon your return, for I will be sleeping yonder," and she pointed to a grove of trees at the other end of the garden, where, for generations, the Grenvilles had been laid in their last resting-place.
"If you die, mother, I shall never return home; you are the only anchor that I have to hold me here," and he drew his mother toward him, imprinted a kiss upon the silver hair and was gone.

was gone.
With quick, heavy step he walked down toward the landing, a few hundred yards distant, followed by the servant bearing his traps.
At a small pier lay a lugger, a plantation trading-boat, the sails up, and the negro crew, of three men, awaiting his coming.
"Well, Dave, I am to be your passenger to New Orleans."

New Orleans."

"So missis sent word, massa, an' I has had the cabing fixt up as nice as possible," said the black skipper, politely, then he added: "I'se sorry to see you goin' away so soon, sah."

"I must go, Dave; but I will remain on deck, on a blanket, if I care to sleep, for the night is too beautiful to go into the cabin," and Lance Grenville glanced out over the moonlit waters, for a full moon rode in the cloudless heavens.

"Are you ready now, Dave?"

"Yes, sah, if you is, massa."

"Then cast off, for I am most anxious to be away," impatiently said Lance Grenville, and the lugger was slowly swung round to catch the

the lugger was slowly swung round to catch the breeze. "Hold on there with that craft! put back to

"Hold on there with that craft! put back to
the wharf, or I will fire on you!"
The words were loud and determined, and issued from the lips of a horseman, who dashed
down to the pier, followed by a score of companions, also mounted.

"Put back, Dave; you have not been stealing,
I hope," said Lance Grenville, calmly.

"No, sah; but dat am de new sheriff, sah, sartin"

In another moment the lugger was again alongside the pier, and Lance Grenville sprung ashore, and asked, sternly:

"Of what has my servant been guilty, gen-

tlemen, that you come after him, mounted and armed?" med?"
'It is not your servant we are after, Captain
'It is not your servant we are after, Captain Grenville, but yourself," answered sheriff Winston, laying his hand upon the arm of the young

'Indeed! of what am I accused?" sneeringly "Indeed of what am I accused sneeringly demanded Lance Grenville.
"You are guilty of as base a crime as—"
The man said no more, for a blow, fair in the face, laid him his length upon the ground.
"Hold! Lance Grenville, you cannot escape," and a dozen pistols were leveled upon him.
"I seek not to escape: I but punished one who

"I seek not to escape; I but punished one who said I was guilty of a base crime; of what am He turned haughtily upon those who confront-

Then one dismounted and stepped toward him; it was Rosal Abercrombie.
"Lance, my poor friend, the charge against you is a severe one, and I trust it can be proven

"Name It, sir."
"Murder."
"Murder."
"Murder! Who have I murdered?" and Lance spoke half-earnestly, half-laughingly.
"Your brother, Arthur!"
As the last name issued from the lips of Rosal Abercrombie, the hand of Launcelot Grenville was upon his throat, and he was hurled back with a force that nearly stunned him.
"Liar! wretch! you dare make that charge against me?"
"It is a severe charge, Captain Grenville, and

It is a severe charge, Captain Grenville, and

it remains with you to prove it untrue," said an old planter, coming forward. "Arthur, my brother Arthur dead?"

"Arthur, my browne."
"He is, sir."
"Who killed him?"
"You are accused of his murder."
"It why should I kill poor Arthur?"
"Captain Grenville," and the sheriff approached, cautiously: "Captain Grenville, I am very sorry, sir, but it is my duty, sir, to arrest you upon the charge of murder, and I must iron you, as already we know how violent you can be."

can be."

The head of the proud man dropped on his breast, and a deep groan broke from his lips, as he stood a moment in silence.

"Do your duty, sir."

The manacles were clasped upon his wrists, and the party set off for the mansion.

As they ascended the broad steps of the piazza another deep sorrow fell upon the prisoner—a sorrow almost greater than he could bear.

At the door a servant met him, and from his

sorrow almost greater than he could bear.
At the door a servant met him, and from his lips broke the words:
"Massa Lance, your poor mother am dead."
"Dead! my mother dead, too?"
He spoke like one in his sleep.
"Yes, sah; when de gemmans comed an' tole her how you had kill Massa Art'ur, den she lay down on de sôfa an' die," said the old negro, the factotum of the Grenville mansion, when his young masters were little boys.
With a groan from his inmost heart, Launce-lot Grenville sunk down in a chair, and buried

lot Grenville sunk down in a chair, and buried his face in his manacled hands.

CHAPTER IX. A STRANGE COMPACT.

"I HAVE come for my answer, Helen."
Helen Brainard sat alone in the sea-view arbor on the cliff, and her eyes were looking fixedly out over the sunlit waters of the Gulf, though they apparently saw nothing, as she seemed lost in bitter thought.

Her fere was blanched, her eyes doop gurken.

in bitter thought.

Her face was blanched, her eyes deep-sunken, and her haggard looks proved that she had suffered, in the week that had passed, since she last sat in that arbor, and was left there in a deep faint by Arthur Grenville.

Like a lightning stroke, the news had come upon her, that Arthur Grenville was dead, and that his brother was his murderer!

For days she had lain in a kind of demi-stupor, conscious, yet uttering no word: but at last she

that his brother was his murderer!

For days she had lain in a kind of demi-stupor, conscious, yet uttering no word; but at last she had leit her room, and, to her father's delight, had joined him at breakfast that very morning, a week from the day of the murder.

As though determined to shut out the past, she had gone about her duties with a quiet manner, for she was her father's housekeeper, and then she sat down to the piano and idly ran her fingers over the keys; but the air she started, drifted off into a dirge, and seizing her unfinished novel, she walked out toward the arbor.

But not to read, for bitter memories thronged upon her, and her face soon became as cold as marble; but in her eyes dwelt a strange light.

"I have come for my answer, Helen."

The maiden did not start; she knew who addressed her, and she said, quietly:

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Abercrombie; I wish to talk with you."

A bright look crossed the man's face, and entering the arbor he seated himself upon a settee.

"From my heart I pity you, Helen."

"Do you?" was the calm reply.

"Indeed I do; it came so soon, so unexpectedly upon you."

"You are without a rival now?"

"Indeed I do; it came so soon, so unexpectedly upon you."
"You are without a rival now?"
It was half-assertion, half a question, and there was a sneer in her tone.
"Yes; one dead, and one in prison and as well as doomed—this is why I came to beg you to let me have the right to comfort you in your

sorrow.
"The world need not know; only give me the promise that you will become my wife. I told you I would return in one week, and, though I knew your sorrow was overwhelming, I have

The man pleaded earnestly, and his voice After a silence of a moment, Helen said:

After a silence of a moment, Helen said:

"I am glad you have come, for I would learn from you all about this cruel murder."

"From me! Why, did not your father tell you all?" asked Rosal, in surprise.

"He told me that Arthur Grenville had fallen by the hand of his brother; that was all I then cared to know. Now I will hear all from you."

"I will make known all that I can tell of the sad affair, Helen, in which, unfortunately, I was forced to take a too conspicuous part."

"You!" and the eyes turned earnestly upon his face.

his face.
"Yes; the word first came to me of the murder."
I am listening," as Rosal Abercrombie

paused. "Well, you know I left you here, the other

"Well, you know I left you here, the other afternoon, and I rode down the beach to the cabin of old Beal, the fisherman, intending to engage him and his craft for a day's sport.

"I did not find Beal at home, and on returning met him, just after dark, a mile from here, at the White Cliff, and he held in his hand a dark object, which he informed me was a coat.

"I took it, and by the bright moonlight recognized it as the coat worn by Arthur Grenville, and, from Beal, I learned that a terrible tragedy had taken place.

"He was off shore fishing in his small boat, and at sunset saw a horsemen ride out upon the cliff, and he recognized Arthur Grenville, who seemed to be gazing seaward, as though in search of a sail.

"A moment, he said, that Arthur remained

seemed to be gazing seaward, as though in search of a sail.

"A moment, he said, that Arthur remained there, and then he saw him fall from his horse, and the report of a rifle reached his ears.

"He was so surprised at what he beheld that he remained motionless, and then, by the light of the rising moon, he saw a tall form run out upon the cliff, from the pine thicket, and bend over the body of Arthur Grenville.

"A moment he remained thus, and then he arose, bearing the body in his arms, and hurled it from the cliff into the sea.

"For awhile he stood after the deed, and then walk rapidly back to the ptre thicket, and Beal next beheld him dash away upon a white horse.

"Then the fisherman remained inactive no longer, and hastily rowed shoreward, and searched for the body, but without success, and going upon the cliff he found the coat, hat and boots of Arthur Grenville, for such I recognized them to be.

"From his description of the murdown to

them to be.

"From his description of the murderer, 'a very tall man, riding a white horse,' I felt that it must be Lance Grenville, for you know I had dreaded trouble."

"Yes, your forebodings were quickly realized. What did you then do, Rosal?"

What did you then do, Rosal?"

There was a strange calmness in the manner and tone of the woman, and Rosal Abercrombje doubted if she had loved Arthur Grenville as well as he had believed, or his brother at all.

"I felt it my duty to cause the arrest of Lance Grenville, and I sought the sheriff, while Beal went after several of the planters, and we met at the residence of the Grenvilles, and, to add to our suspicions, learned that Lance had just left home for an indefinite period, going by the market larger to New Orleans.

ket lugger to New Orleans.
"While several of the party remained at the mansion, to acquaint the poor mother with the sad tidings, we dashed down to the pier, and captured the murderer, but not until he had knocked the sheriff down, and roughly handled

Poor Mrs. Grenville! How terrible must en her sorrow!" "Her sorrows were soon at an end; she died from the shock, as you know she had heart-

Helen Brainard started, and her form trem-bled violently, for she had dearly loved the no-ble old lady to whose son she had been betroth-After a long silence, which Rosal Abercrombie

After a long silence, which Rosal Abercromble would not interrupt, Helen asked:
"And Launcelot Grenville is in prison now?"
"Yes, he is in the village jail, doubly ironed."
"When will he be tried?"
"In two weeks."
"There is no proof that Lance Grenville is the murderer."

murderer.

"Yes, he was seen by Beal, and—"
"How far off was Beal?"
"Well, say two hundred yards from the

the deed? "What a Yankee you are for questions, Helen! He said it was a very large man, and that he rode away on a white horse, after throwing the body into the sea."
"The body was never found, was it?"

Then he said, calmly, facing his accusers, and colding his wrists together:

"Do your duty, sir."

"The description of the murderer answers to Lance Grenville, certainly; still it may not have been, and a court will ask many questions before as they ascended the broad steps of the piazza mother deep sorrow fell upon the prisoner—a.

"You need offer no excuse for the man you then were already of the many of the piazza mother deep sorrow fell upon the prisoner—a."

"You need offer no excuse for the man you then were already of the piazza mother deep sorrow fell upon the prisoner—a."

"You need offer no excuse for the man you then were already of the piazza mother deep sorrow fell upon the prisoner—a."

"You need offer no excuse for the man you then were already as a prisoner—a may be a standing error than the cavern which he believed to be the habitation of the outlaw.

"The boy set out to accomplish this object, time to accomplish this object, armed, as usual, with his squirrel rifle. He ascended the broad steps of the piazza which he had previously discovered, and entered it when he had satisfied himself that there was a prisoner—a prisoner—a may be a standing error than the cavern which he believed to be the habitation of the outlaw.

"The boy set out to accomplish this object, armed, as usual, with his squirrel rifle. He ascended the broad steps of his imminent danger.

With his eyes intently fixed on the opposite acclivity, fascinated by those glaring eyeballs, and the prisoner—a may be a standing area."

"You need offer no excuse for the man you have a standing area."

"You are do for no excuse for the man you have a standing area."

"You are do for no excuse for the man you have a standing area."

"You are do for no excuse for the man you have a standing area."

"You are do for no excuse for the man you have a standing area." it."

"The description of the murderer answers to Lance Grenville, certainly; still it may not have been, and a court will ask many questions before he is condemned on that evidence."

"You need offer no excuse for the man you love, Helen, for—"

"Silence, sir! I tell you that better evidence must be found to hang Lance Grenville, and, Rosal Abercrombie, you must find it!"

"Great God!"

The man was on his feet in an instant; but the

The man was on his feet in an instant; but the maiden was perfectly serene, a strange smile upon her lips, a stranger look in her eyes.

"In God's name what do you mean, Helen Brainard?"

Brainard?"

"Just what I say, sir; you must find evidence that will hang Lance Grenville for the murder of his brother Arthur."

"I thought you loved Lance Grenville!" gasped the man, inquiringly.
"I thought so, too; it was a fascination, an in-

atuation."

"And Arthur Grenville?"

"Was my first, last and only love."

The maiden spoke with painful earnestness, and looked the man before her squarely in the

You have just found this out? Yes, when he is dead, and his brother is his And you wish now to have Lance Gren-

'Hung!" "Hung!"
The eyes fairly blazed now, and the lips were bloodless; the man was fairly frightened.
"Rosal Abercrombie, I hate Lance Grenville as fervently as I loved his brother, and I am revengeful, and he must die, and you must supply

"I know not how."
"I will show you. Go into that arbor, look behind the door, and then tell me what you dis-

The man quietly obeyed, and returning, said "H is Lance Grenville's rifle."
"Yes; he left it here one week ago to-day—an it not be made use of?"

"See if it is loaded."
"It is not," said Rosal, after an examination.
"It was fired last a week ago, then; cannot an expert tell by examination if a firearm has but how discharged on." ust been discharged, or-

"Yes, I understand; tell me your plan," said the man, an evil look creeping into his eyes.
"If you found the rifle near the White Cliffs—hidden in the fine straw, and—"
"Helen Brainard, you are a very devil for plotting! This evidence will be sufficient to long him."

"It may, and it may not; there must be How and when can I get it?" "See the prosecuting attorney, and tell him that, in my grief, I said to you that my testi-mony would hang Lance Grenville, if I gave

"Yes; one week ago Lance Grenville stood there you do now, and said to me that which I ill make known before a court, if I am called s a witness."
"You shall be there; but your revenge

gainst Lance is fearful."
"I hate as I love—with my whole soul; now take the rifle and go "And my reward?—for I do this for you alone, Helen."

The day that Lance Grenville is sentenced "The day that Lance Grenville is sentenced to be hung, I will pledge myself to become your wife, upon any day after one year from Arthur Grenville's death that you will name."

"By Heaven! do you mean it?" and a look of triumph shot into the eyes of the man.

"I do, and with me you will get back this, your old home, and the bones of your ancestors, which you sold to my father."

The sneer in the words caused Rosal Abercrombie to turn deadly pale; but he said, as calmly as he could:

almly as he could:
"You will love me then, Helen?"

"No; that is not in my compact with you—I oved Arthur Grenville living, and I love his nemory now; I will hate you, but I will be rour wife." "Enough; I am content with my compact. I will indeed be envied, for the world will only see that my bride is in the image of an angel, and not behold that she has the heart of a devil."

True, but you will know me as I am-as I know you, Rosal Abercrombie. Good-evening, sir," and the revenge-crazed woman swept haughtily from the arbor, while Rosal Abercrombie took up the tell-tale rifle, muttering to himself.

imself:

"Ay, my beauty, I will be revenged on you, oo, for casting me aside for Arthur Grenville. Yes, I will gain my beautiful wife, and her golden dower, and once again have back the home of my forefathers.

"Ha! ha! Helen Brainard, two can play the group of revenue as you shall know."

the game of revenge, as you shall know."
(To be continued—commenced in No. 457.)

The End of "Old Bush."

BY EDWARD WILLETT.

ONE of the noted desperadoes who during several years infested the Ozark range of mountains in South-west Missouri, was known as "Old Bush." Before he developed into a horse-thief and outlaw in general, he had been, in common with many other characters of the same class, a granular during the grant the great viril war at the description. querrilla, during the great civil war, at the close of which he had found himself unable to settle lown to peaceful pursuits, and had devoted his ife to depredations upon his fellow-men. His pecialty was horse-stealing, but he did not ob-ect to an occasional highway robbery, and his ject to an occasional highway robbery, and his exploits were not unaccompanied by such homicides as even he was unable to justify upon the plea of self-defense. He probably possessed a name that was given to him in baptism—supposing him to ever have been baptized; but it had been forgotten by all except himself, and he was known to his fellow-outlaws and to the officers of justice only as "Old Bush."

In the course of his career as a guerrilla, he had been guilty of many cruel and bloody deeds, one of the worst of which was the killing of a Union soldier named Peters, whom he had found at his home, recovering from a severe wound, and had slaughtered him in cold blood. The murdered Unionist had left a brother many

The murdered Unionist had left a brother, many years younger than himself, who, as he progressed from boyhood toward manhood, warmly cherished the memory of his dead brother, and was determined to be revenged upon his assessing to his witingly talking. assin for his untimely taking off.

At the age of sixteen Frank Peters was a proficient in the sport of hunting, and was well versed in the arts of woodcraft. He was an exom the shock, as you know she had heartsease."

Helen Brainard started, and her form tremed violently, for she had dearly loved the note old lady to whose son she had been betroth. After a long silence, which Rosal Abercrombie ould not interrupt, Helen asked:

"And Launcelot Grenville is in prison now?"

"And Launcelot Grenville is in prison now?"

"Yes, he is in the village jail, doubly ironed."

"When will he be tried?"

"There is no proof that Lance Grenville is the urderer."

"Yes, he was seen by Beal, and—"

"How far off was Beal?"

"Well, say two hundred yards from the ore."

"Did he say that it was Lance Grenville did edeed?"

"What a Yankee you are for questions."

refere."

'Yes, he was seen by Beal, and—"

'How far off was Beal?"

'Bid he say that it was Lance Grenville did eded?"

'What a Yankee you are for questions, lefel! He said it was a very large man, and at he rode a way on a white horse, after rowing the body into the sea."

'The body was never found, was it?"

'The body was never found, was it?"

'No; it drifted out with the tide, and the was seen by Beal, and—"

'Yes, he was seen by Beal, and—"

'The body was never form the could serve the ends of justice, and at the rode a way on a white horse, after rowing the body into the sea."

'The body was never found, was it?"

'The body into the sea."

'The body was never found, was it?"

'The body was never f

it when he had satisfied himself that there was nobody within. He found abundant evidence of occupation, including some articles which left him in no doubt of the recent presence of "Old Bush." Then he set himself to discover an easy means of access, and in this effort he was also successful, coming upon a bridle-path which had evidently been used by the outlaw for the purpose of taking stolen horses up and down the hill.

Having settled these points to his satisfaction, and being fatigued by his exertions, Frank Peters sat down to rest on a ledge which overhung a wild ravine, and which was backed by a steep acclivity. As he rested there, he sunk into a doze, from which he was rudely aroused by the pressure of a heavy hand and the sound

by the pressure of a heavy hand and the sound of a coarse voice. Looking up, he saw "Old

There was no mistaking the man. His great size, his outlandish attire, his grizzled red hair and beard, and the look of truculent determina-tion on his face, could belong to none but "Old

Escape or resistance was hopeless. The boy knew that he would be helpless in the grasp of the giant, who had already possessed himself of the squirrel rifle, and who also carried a superior weapon of his own. There was, besides, a strange expression upon the man's face, which caused Frank to hope that he might possibly be inclined to mercy.

inclined to mercy.

"Tain't no use, young one," said the outlaw, as the strange expression spread out into a grin.

"Reckon you know me, don't you?"

Frank nodded.

"Reckon you know me, don't you?"
Frank nodded.
"I am 'Old Bush,' the man you are after. How do I know that you are after me? Why, I have my friends down yonder, and I know everything that's goin' on. Couldn't carry on business without friends. I knew that you had told the sheriff about what you had seen up here, and that he had set you on to find out more. So I watched for you. You came to hunt me down, and you have caught me; or I have caught you, which ain't quite the same thing; is it, bub?"

As Frank could interpose no plea to this indictment, he discreetly held his tongue.
"You are Frank Peters," continued the outlaw. "You are the brother of Ben Peters, the man I killed in the war. I don't blame you for wantin' to git even with me, but I mustn't allow it, you know. By rights I ought to chuck you over thar into the sink, but I don't want to do it. I have been sorry that I killed your brother, and I want to keep clear of killin' you. You would choose to live, wouldn't you?"

Frank nodded again.
"Of course you would and I mean to gire."

Frank nodded again.

"Of course you would, and I mean to give you the chance. But I can't let you go. That wouldn't be safe. You are a smart boy, and would make a splendid horse-thief. If you will come with me and stay with me, I will treat you well and teach you the trade. If not, I must wipe you out. What do you say?"

There was but one answer to make. It was a choice between life and death. Frank signified his willingness to accompany his captor and to be obedient to him, and "Old Bush," taking the boy by the hand, led him along the ledge until they reached a point where the ravine was quite narrow.

log that stretched from ledge to ledge. The boy perceived that the end near which they had stopped was laid securely upon the rock, while the opposite end barely touched the ledge, and was apparently liable to fall off at any mo-

You must cross first, bub," said the outlaw. "so that I can keep my eye on you. You had better not try to run, as you know that I am a

Is it safe?" asked Frank. "Of course it is. I've crossed it many a The boy stepped upon the log, and tripped lightly across, followed more slowly by "Old Bush," who had taken but a few steps when Frank, having reached the other side, suddenly

Frank, having reached the other side, suddenly stooped, and by exerting all his strength, shoved his end of the log off from the ledge.

Down it tumbled, and the boy, starting up, looked to see "Old Bush" accompanying it to the bottom of the ravine.

But the outlaw, turning quickly, gained his side of the ledge by a tremendous effort, and, wish as the wheth he weight his side.

fer.

Frank was quite as quick, in both thought and action. He knew that it would be useless to run, and dropped down behind a rock that stood near the edge of the cliff. At that instant the rifle cracked, and a bullet tore through his coat-

rine cracked, and a builet tore through his coat-sleeve and grazed his arm.

When the boy settled down to a perception of the stuation he was forced to confess that his desperate act had not materially improved his chances. True, he was on one side of the ravine chances. True, he was on one side of the ravin-and his antagonist was on the other; but, i "Old Bush" could not grasp him with his pow-erful hand, he could reach him with his uner ring rifle. He was protected by the rock behind which he had ensconced himself, but it was a poor protection, and he was obliged, in order to avail himself of it, to lie with his face downward. Even then the outlaw could flank his po-sition and get a shot at him, by moving up or down the ledge. This was what "Old Bush" proceeded to do, and the boy was frequently compelled to change his position, to correspond with the movements of his enemy, narrowly escaping several shots that seemed to be fired for the purpose of annoying him. This exercise was both tiresome and dangerous, and the boy began to entertain serious doubts of his ability t

gan to entertain serious doubts of his ability to endure the blockade.

It was near sunset when the log fell, and night soon came on; but Frank could find no relief in the approach of darkness, as the moon was full, and was soon shining with unclouded splendor, lighting up the ledge on which he lay, so as to afford excellent opportunities for marksmanship. The boy was hungry, too, and in time would need sleep, and his constrained position on the hard stone was becoming unendurably painful. painful.

These items had apparently entered into the

calculations of the outlaw, who was doubtless convinced that he would easily be able to out-last his young adversary. He called across the rayine, and hailed Frank:

ravine, and hailed Frank:

"See here, young one; you can't stand this sort of thing much longer. Gittin' hungry, ain't you? I am, and I'm goin' to have suthin' to eat and drink right now. Don't you wish you had some? As you hain't got it, you mought as well go to sleep. Do you kick or turn over in your sleep? Better be keerful of such tricks, 'cause I could draw a bead on them legs of yours, guicker'n the shake of a sheep's legs of yours, quicker'n the shake of a sheep tail."

With these consolatory remarks "Old Bush lrew some bread and meat from his haversack drew some bread and meat from his naversack, and proceeded to eat at his leisure, moistening his food with frequent draughts from a flask which he carried in his pocket. As his rifle lay across his knee, his meal was not likely to cause

across his knee, his meal was not likely to cause him to miss any chances.

This was a period of real torture for Frank Peters, whose limbs were full of aches, and who saw no prospect of extricating himself from his painful and perilous position. He peered around palmin and perious position. He peered around the edge of the rock at the outlaw, whose evident enjoyment of his superior advantages increased the boy's torments.

He was on the point of calling to his antagonist and proposing terms of surrender, when a new element appeared upon the scene, which added an intense interest to the situation.

acclivity, fascinated by those glaring eyeballs, Frank soon made out the outline of the panther, an immense beast, which was standing erect, lashing its tail, and glaring at its expected prev.

When "Old Bush" arose from his meal, the panther was evidently preparing for a spring, and the boy was sorely tempted to shout and warn his antagonist of his danger. He might have done so, had it not been for a malignant-expression to which the outlaw just then gave

"Now, young one," he said, as he brought his rifle up to his shoulder, "I am going to hunt

rifle up to his shoulder, "I am going to hunt you."

In an instant the scene was changed. A heavy, dark body shot down from the side of the mountain, clearly revealed as it emerged into the moonlight, and struck "Old Bush" right between his shoulders. He was standing near the edge of the cliff, slightly leaning forward to get a shot at the boy, when the powerful force of the spring carried both him and the panther over into the ravine. A wild cry of surprise and despair was forced from his lips, and then his voice was silenced forever.

Frank Peters crept to the edge of the cliff on his side, and looked over; but he neither saw nor heard anything.

Trembling in every fiber, he slowly rose to his

or heard anything.

Trembling in every fiber, he slowly rose to his feet, stretched his weary and contracted limbs, slowly made his way down the mountain in the moonlight, and finally reached his home, mpletely worn out by excitement and exhaus-

Not until he had been well rested would he say a word to any person concerning his adventures in the mountains. Then he sent for the sheriff of the county, to whom he related his encounter with "Old Bush," and the fatally-fortunate appearance of the panther.

nate appearance of the panther.

The next day a party was made up, headed by the sheriff, which Frank led into the mountains, and guided up the ravine which had witnessed the tragical end of the career of "Old Bush." There the body of the outlaw was found, shockingly mangled. The panther was not visible, but a trail of blood showed where it had limped away. This trail was followed, and the beast was discovered at a considerable distance further up the ravine, quite dead.

As a reward had been offered for "Old Bush," dead or alive, it was adjudged that the reward dead or alive, it was adjudged that the reward

dead or alive, it was adjudged that the reward belonged to Frank Peters.

BANNER BLESSINGS.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

What is thy banner blessing love?
Is it our children three,
Who, sporting in the sunlight prove
How precious life can be?
Is it the home-nest I have reared

To count our treasures o'er,
Till each new birdling has endeared
Thee, to me more and more?

"Is it sweet hope, that lights thy way—
Or, that majestic fire
Of passion, whose rekindling ray,
Once lit, can ne'er expire?
Is it the throb of friendship's heart
Beating against thine own—
Or memories, which tears will start
When thou art all alone?

"Is it the calm, unsullied truth
Welling through all thy life,
And crowning thee with fadeless youth—
My sweet and trusting wife?
Is it thy mother, sitting there,
She, who hath loved thee so?
Is it thy sire, with silvery hair,
Bending o'er staff so low?

"Is it thy faith, that sweeter grows
When tried, my darling one—
As soulless marble richer glows
When all the chiseling's done?
Is it thy joys, whose sparking beams
Irradiate thine eye,
As flowerets dancing on the streams
Bow prettily and shy?

"Is it the sunshine from Above—
The sir, the earth, the say?
Dwells it in caverns deep, my love—
On deserts drear and dry?
Pray tell me, wite?"
An arch smile—a bewitching ease—
"Dear, 'Tis my love for thee!"

The Lamb and the Wolf;

The Heiress of Llangorren Court.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID. AUTHOR OF "SPECTER BARQUE," "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI. BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

MAJOR MAHON is a soldier of the rollicking Major Mahon is a soldier of the rollicking Irish type—good company as ever drank wine at a regimental mess-table, or whisky-and-water under the canvas of a tent. Brave in war, too, as evinced by sundry scars of wounds given by the sabers of rebellious sowars, and an empty sleeve dangling down by his side. The same token almost proclaims that he is no longer in the army. For he is not—having left it disabled at the close of the Indian mutiny; after the re-lief of Lucknow, where he also parted with his

He is not rich; one reason for his being in Boulogne—convenient place for men of mode-rate means. There he has rented a house, in which for nearly a twelvemonth he has been reiding; a small domicile, meublé. Still large mough for his needs, for the major, though night forty years of age, has never thought of getting narried; or, if so, has not carried out the inention. As a bachelor in the French water-ng-place, his income of five hundred per annum upplies all his wants—far better than if it were

in an English one.

But economy is not his only reason for sojourning in Boulogne. There is another alike
creditable to him, or more. He has a sister,
much younger than himself, receiving education
there; an only sister, for whom he feels the
strongest affection and like to be led. there; an only sister, for whom he reels the strongest affection, and likes to be beside her. For all he sees her only at stated times, and with no great frequency. Her school is attached to a convent, and she is in it as a pension-

All these matters are made known to Captain Ryecroft on the day after his arrival at Bou-logne. Not in the morning. It has been spent in promenading through the streets of the lower in promenanting through the streets of the lower town and along the jetée, with a visit to the grand lion of the place, V Establissement de Bains, ending in an hour or two passed at the "cercle" of which the major is a member, and vere to which the major is a many where his old campaigning comrade, against all protestations, is introduced to the half-dozen good fellows as ever stretched legs under ma-

It is not till a late hour, however, after a quiet dinner in the major's own house, and during a stroll upon the ramparts of the *Haute Ville*, that these confidences are given to his guest, with all the exuberant frankness of the Hibernian

and dined there with Russel, of the Artil-Of course I remember it.

"I've seen Russel since; about three months ago, when I was over in England. And, by the way, 'twas from him I last heard of your-

What had he to say about me?" "Only that you were somewhere down west on the Wye I think—salmon-fishing. I know you were always good at easting a fly."
"That all he said!"

"That all he said?"
"Well, no," admits the major, with a sly, inquisitive glance at the other's face. "There was a trifle of a codicil added to the information about your whereabouts and occupation."
"What, may I ask?"
"That you'd been wonderfully successful in your angling; had hooked a very fine fish—a big one, besides—and sold out of the army; so that you might be free to play it on your line; in

that you might be free to play it on your line; in fine, that you'd captured, safe landed, and inthe, that you'd captured, safe landed, and incended staying by it for the rest of your days. Come, old boy! Don't be blushing about the thing; you know you can trust Charley Mahon. Is it true?" 'Is what true?" asks the other, with an air of

assumed innocence.
"That you've caught the richest heiress in

"That you've caught the richest heiress in Herefordshire, or she you, or each the other, as Russel had it, and which is best for both of you. Down on your knees, Ryecroft! Confess!"

"Major Mahon! If you wish me to remain your guest for another night—another hour—you'll not ask me aught about that affair nor even name it. In time I may tell you all; but now to speak of it gives me a pain which even you, one of my oldest, and, I believe, truest friends cannot fully understand."

"I can at least understand that it's something."

'I can at least understand that it's something rious." The inference is drawn less from yecroft's words than their tone and the look utter desolation which accompanies then But," continues the major, greatly moved, 'you'll forgive me, old fellow, for being so in-juisitive? I promise not to press you any more. So let's drop the subject, and speak of something lee."

"What then?" asks Ryecroft, scarce conscious of questioning.
"My little sister, if you like. I call her little because she was so when I went out to India. She's now a grown girl, tall as that, and, as flattering friends say, a great beauty. What's better, she's good? You see that building below?"

They are on the outer edge of the rampart, looking upon the ground adjacent to the enceinte of the ancient cité. A slope in warlike days serving as the glacis, now occupied by dwellings, some of them pretentious, with gardens attached. That which the major points to

is one of the grandest, its inclosure large, with walls that only a man upon stilts of the Landes country could look over.

"I see—what of it?" asks the ex-Hussar.

"It's the convent where Kate is at school—the prison in which she's confined, I might better say," he adds, with a laugh, but in tone more serious than joenlar.

say," he adds, with a laugh, but in tone more serious than jocular.

It need scarce be said that Major Mahon is a Roman Catholie. His sister being in such a seminary is evidence of that. But he is not bigoted, as Ryecroft knows, without drawing the deduction from his last remark.

His old friend and follow compressions does

the deduction from his last remark.

His old friend and fellow-campaigner does not even ask explanation of it, only observing:

"A very fine mansion it appears—walks, shade-trees, arbors, fountains. I had no idea the nuns were so well bestowed. They ought to live happily in such a pretty place. But then, shut up—ah, liberty! It's the only thing that makes the world worth living in,"

"Ditto, say I. I echo your sentiment, old fellow, and feel it. If I didn't I might have been long ago a Benedict, with a millstone around my neck in the shape of a wife, and half

been long ago a Benedict, with a millstone around my neck in the shape of a wife, and half a score of smaller ones of the grindstone pattern—in piccaninnies. Instead, I'm free as the —in piccaninnies. Instead, I'm free as the breezes, and by the Moll Kelly, intend remain-The major winds up the ungallant declaration with a laugh. But this is not echoed by his companion, to whom the subject touched upon

Is a tender one.

Perceiving it so, Mahon makes a fresh start in
the conversation, remarking:

"It's beginning to feel a bit chilly up here.
Suppose we saunter down to the Cercle, and
have a game of billiards?"

"If it be all the same to you, Mahon, I'd rather not go there to night."

is a tender one

ther not go there to-night."

"Oh! it's all the same to me. Let us home. then, and warm up with a tumbler of whisky toddy. There were orders left for the kettle to

toddy. There were orders left for the kettle to be kept on the boil. I see you still want cheering, and there's nothing will do that like a drop of the crather. Allons!"

Without resisting, Ryecroft follows his friend down the stairs of the rampart. From the point where they descended the shortest way to the Rue Tintelleries is through a narrow lane not much used, upon which abut only the back walls of gardens, with their gates or doors not much used, upon which abut only the back walls of gardens, with their gates or doors. One of these, a jail-like affair, is the entrance to the convent in which Miss Mahon is at school. As they approach it a fidere is standing in front, as if but lately drawn up to deliver its fare—a traveler. There is a lamp, and by its light, dim nevertheless, they see that luggage is being taken inside. Some one on a visit to the convent, or returning after absence. Nothing strange in all that; and neither of the two men make remark upon it, but keep on.

make remark upon it, but keep on.

Just, however, as they are passing the hack, about to drive off again, Captain Ryecroft, looking toward the door still ajar, sees a face inside which causes him to start.
"What is it?" asks the major, who feels the

spasmodic movement-the two walking arm-inarm.
"Well! if it wasn't that I am in Boulogne instead of on the banks of the river Wye, I'd swear that I saw a man inside that doorway whom I met not many days ago in the shire of

What sort of a man?"

"What sort of a man,"
"A priest!"
"Oh! black's no mark among sheep. The pretres are all alike, as peas or policemen. I'm often puzzled myself to tell one from t'other."
Satisfied with this explanation, the ex-Hussar says nothing further on the subject, and they continue on to the Rue Tintelleries.
Entering his house, the major calls for "ma-

continue on to the Rue Tintelleries.

Entering his house, the major calls for "matayrials," and they sit down to the steaming punch. But before their glasses are half-emptied, there is a ring at the door-bell, and soon after a voice inquiring for "Captain Ryecroft." The entrance-hall being contiguous to the dining-room where they are seated, they hear all this hear all this

"Who can be asking for me?" queries Rye-croft, looking toward his host. The major cannot tell—cannot think—who. But the answer is given by his Irish man-servant entering with a card, which he presents to Cap-

tain Ryecroft, saying:
"It's for you, yer honner."
The name on the card is—
"MR. GEORGE SHENSTONE."

CHAPTER XLII. "MR. GEORGE SHENSTONE?" queries Captain Ryecroft, reading from the card. "George Shenstone!" he repeats, with a look of blank astonishment. "What the deuce does it mean?" WHAT DOES HE WANT? Does what mean?" asks the major, catching

"Does what mean.
the other's surprise.
"Why, this gentleman being here. You see that?" He tosses the card across the table.
"Well; what of it?"

answer from himself. Can I take the liberty of asking him into your house, Mahon?"

"Certainly, my dear boy! Bring him in here,

asking him into your house, Mahon?"

"Certainly, my dear boy! Bring him in here, if you like, and let him join us—"

"Thanks, major!" interrupts Ryecroft. "But no, I'd prefer first having a word with him alone. Instead of drinking, he may want fighting with me."

alone. Instead of drinking, he may want fighting with me."

"O-ho!" ejaculates the major. "Murtagh!" to the servant, an old soldier of the 18th, "show the gentleman into the drawing-room."

"Mr. Shenstone and I," proceeds Ryecroft in explanation, "have but the very slightest acquaintance. I've only met him a few times in general company; the last at a ball—a private one—just three nights ago. 'Twas that very morning I met the priest, I supposed we'd seen up there. 'Twould seem as if everybody on the Wyeside had taken the fancy to follow me into France."

"Ha—ha—ha! About the prêtre, no doubt you're mistaken. And maybe this isn't your man, either. The same name, you're sure?"

"Quite. The Herefordshire baronet's son is George, as his father, to whose title he is heir. I never heard of his having any other—"

"Stay!" interrupts the major, again glancing at the card. "Here's something to help identification—an address—Ormeston Hall."

"Ah! I didn't observe that." In his agitation he had not, the address being in small script at the corner. "Ormeston Hall! Yes, I remember, Sir George's residence is so called. Of course it's the son—must be."

"But why do you think he means fight? Something happened between you, eh?"

"No; nothing between us, directly."

"Ah! Indirectly, then? Of course the old trouble—a woman."

"Well; if it be fighting the fellow's after, I suppose it must be about that," slowly rejoins Ha-ha-ha! About the prêtre, no doubt

suppose it must be about that," slowly rejoins Ryecroft, half in soliloquy and pondering over what took place on the night of the ball. Now

what took place on the night of the ball. Now vividly recalling that scene in the summer-house, with the angry words there spoken, he feels good as certain George Shenstone has come after him on the part of Miss Wynn.

The thought of such championship stirs his indignation, and he exclaims:

"By heavens! he shall have what he wants. But I mustn't keep him waiting. Give me that card. maior!" card, major!"
The major returns it to him, coolly observ-

ing:

"If it is to be a blue pill, instead of a whiskypunch, I can accommodate you with a brace of
barkers, good as can be got in Boulogne. You
haven't told me what your quarrel's about; but
from what I know of you, Ryecroft, I take it
you're in the right, and you can count on me as
a second. Lucky it's my left wing that's clipped. With the right I can shoot straight as ever
—should there be need for making it a four-cor--should there be need for making it a four-cor

"Thanks, Mahon! You're just the man I'd have asked such a favor from."
"The gentleman's inside the dhrawin'-room,

surr."
This from the ex-Royal Irish, who has again This from the ex-Royal Irish, who has again presented himself, saluting "Don't yield the Sassenach an inch?" counsels the major, a little of the old Celtic hostility stirring within him. "If he demand explanations, hand him over to me. I'll give them to his satisfaction. So, old fellow, be firm." "Never fear!" returns Ryecroft, as he steps out to receive the unexpected visitor, whose business with him he fully believes to have reference to Gwendoline Wynn.

out to receive the unexpected visitor, whose business with him he fully believes to have reference to Gwendoline Wynn.

And so has it. But not in the sense he anticipates, nor about the scene on which his thoughts have dwelt. George Shenstone is not there to call him to account for angry words, or rudeness of behavior. Something more serious; since it was the baronet's son who left Llangorren Court in company with the plain clothes policeman. The latter is still along with him; though not inside the house. He is standing upon the street at a convenient distance; though not with any expectation of being called in, or required for any further service now professionally. Holding no writ, nor the right to serve such if he had it, his action hitherto has been simply to assist Mr. Shenstone in finding the man suspected of either abduction or murder. But as neither crime is yet proved to have been committed, much less brought home to him, the Euglish policeman has no further errand in Boulogne—while the English gentleman now feels that his is almost as idle and aimless. The impulse which carried him thither, though honorable and gallant, was begot in the heat of blind passion. Gwen Wynn having no brother, he determined to take the place of one, his father not saying nay. And so resolved he had set out to seek the supposed criminal, "interview" him, and then act according to the circumstances, as they should develop themselves. circumstances, as they should develop them-

In the finding of his man he has experienced no difficulty. Luggage labeled "Langham Hotel, London," gave him hot scent, as far as the grand caravanserai at the bottom of Portland Place. Beyond it was equally fresh, and lifted with like ease. The traveler's traps redirected at the Langham, "Parts via Folkestone and Boulogne"—the new address there noted by porters and traffic manager—was indication sufficient to guide George Shenstone across the Channel; and cross it he did by the next day's packet for Boulogne.

Arrived in the French seaport he would have gone straight on to Paris—had he been alone. But accompanied by the policeman the result was different. This—an old dog of the detective breed—soon as setting foot on French soil, went sniffing about among serjents de ville and douaniers, the upshot of his investigations being to bring the chase to an abrupt termination—he In the finding of his man he has experienced

chase to an abrupt termination finding that the game had gone no further. In short, from information received at the Custom House, Captain Ryecroft was run to earth in e Rue Tintelleries, under the roof of Major

Mahon.

And now that George Shenstone is himself under it, having sent in his card, and been ushered into the drawing-room, he does not feel at ease; instead greatly embarrassed. Not from any personal fear; he has too much "pluck" for that. It is a sense of delicacy, consequent upon some dread of wrong-doing. What, after all, if his suspicions prove groundless, and it turn out that Captain Ryecroft is entirely innocent? His heart, torn by sorrow, exasperated with anger, starting away from Herefordshire he did not thus interrogate. Then he supposed himself in pursuit of an abductor, who, when overtaken, would be found in the company of the abducted.

But, meanwhile, both his suspicions and sentiments have undergone a change. How could they otherwise! He pursued, has been traveling openly and without any disguise, leaving traces at every turn and deflection of his route. plain as finger-posts! A man guilty of aught illegal—much more one who has committed a capital crime—would not be acting thus? Besides, Captain Ryecroft has been journeying alone, unaccompanied by man or woman; no one seen with him until meeting his friend, Major Mahon, on the packet landing at Bou-

No wonder that Mr. Shenstone, now au fait to all this—easily ascertained along the route of travel—feels that his errand is an awkward one. Embarrassed when ringing Major Mahon's doorbell, he is still more so inside that room, while awaiting the man to whom his card has been taken. For he has intruded himself into the house of a gentleman a perfect stranger to him-self—to call his guest to account! The act is in-

excusable, rude almost to grotesqueness! But there are other circumstances attendant, of themselves unpleasant enough. The thing he has been tracking up is no timid hare, or cowardly fox; but a man, a soldier, gentleman as himself, who, like a tiger of the jungles, may turn upon and tear him.

It is no thought of this, no craven fear which makes him pace Major Mahon's drawing-roun floor so excitedly. His agitation is due to a different factor of the control of t floor so excitedly. His agitation is due to a d'ferent and nobler cause—the sensibility of the gentleman, with the dread of shame, should he find himself mistaken. But he has a consoling thought. Prompted by honor and affection, he

CHAPTER XLIII.

A GAGE D'AMOUR.

PACING to and fro, with stride jerky and iregular, Shenstone at length makes stop in front the fireplace, not to warm himself—there is

of the fireplace, not to warm himself—there is no fire in the grate—nor yet to survey his face in the mirror above. His steps are arrested by something he sees resting upon the mantle-shelf; a sparkling object—in short a cigar-case of the beaded pattern.

Why should that attract the attention of the young Herefordshire squire, causing him to start, as it first catches his eye? In his lifetime he has seen scores of such, without caring to give them a second glance. But it is just because he has looked upon this one before, or fancies he has, that he now stands gazing at it; on the instant after reaching toward, and taking it up.

on the instant after reaching toward, and taking it up.

Ay, more than once has he seen that same cigar-case—he is now sure as he holds it in hand, turning it over and over—seen it before its embroidery was finished; watched fair fingers stitching the beads on, cunningly combining the blue and amber and gold, tastefully arranging them in rows and figures—two hearts central transfixed by a barbed and feathered shaft—all save the lettering he now looks upon, and trai transfixed by a barbed and feathered shaft
—all save the lettering he now looks upon, and
which was never shown him. Many a time
during the months past, he had hoped, and
fondly imagined, the skillful contrivance and
elaborate workmanship might be for himself.
Now he knows better; the knowledge revealed
to him by the initials V. R. entwined in monogram, and the words underneath "From
Gwen."

Three days ago, the discovery would have

Three days ago, the discovery would have Three days ago, the discovery would have caused him a spasm of keenest pain. Not so now. After being shown that betrothal ring, no gift, no pledge, could move him to further emotion. He but tosses the beaded thing back upon the mantle, with the reflection that he to whom it belongs has been born under a more propitious star than himself.

Still the little incident is not without effect. It restores his firmness, with the resolution to

Still the little incident is not without effect. It restores his firmness, with the resolution to act as originally intended. This is still further strengthened, as Ryecroft enters the room, and he looks upon the man who has caused him so much misery. A man feared but not hated—for Shenstone's noble nature and generous disposition hinder him from being blinded either to the superior personal or mental qualities of his rival. A rival he fears only in the field of love; in that of war or strife of other kind, the doughty young west-country source would dare love; in that of war or strife of other kind, the doughty young west-country squire would dare even the devil. No tremor in his frame; no unsteadfastness in the glance of his eye, as he regards the other stepping inside the open door, and with the card in hand, coming toward him.

Long ago introduced, and several times in company together, but cool and distant, they coldly salute. Holding out the card Ryecroft says, interrogatively:

"Is this meant for me, Mr. Shenstone?"

"Yes."

"Some matter of business, I presume. May I ask what it is?" Task what it is?"

The formal inquiry, in tone passive and denying, throws the fox-hunter as upon his haunches. At the same time its evident cynicism stings him to a blunt if not rude rejoinder.

want to know-what you have done with Miss Wynn?" He so challenged starts aback, turning pale. And looking distraught at his challenger, while he repeats the words of the latter, with but the

"What have I done with Miss Wynn!" Then adding, "Pray explain yourself, sir!"
"Come, Captain Ryecroft; you know what I "For the life of me I don't."

"For the life of me I don't."
"Do you mean to say you're not aware of what's happened?"
"What's happened! When? Where?"
"At Llangorren, the night of that ball. You were present; I saw you."
"And I saw you, Mr. Shenstone. But you don't tell me what happened."
"Not at the ball, but after."
"Well, and what after?"
"Captain Ryceroft, you're either an inno-

"Captain Ryecroft, you're either an inno-cent man, or, the most guilty on the face of the earth."

earth."
"Stop, sir! Language like yours requires justification of the gravest kind. I ask an explanation—demand it!"
Thus brought to bay, George Shengtone looks straight in the face of the man he has so savagely assailed; there to see neither consciousness of guilt, nor fear of punishment. Instead, housest surprise minuled with keep apprehension; the curprise mingled with keen apprehension; the ast not on his own account, but hers of whom hey are speaking. Intuitively, as if whispered by an angel in his ear, he says, or thinks to himelf: "This man knows nothing of Gwendoline Wynn. If she has been carried off, it has not been by him; if murdered, he is not her murderer."

Captain Ryecroft," he at length cries out in coarse voice, the revulsion of feeling almost hoking him, "if I've been wronging you I ask orgiveness; and you'll forgive. For if I have, rou do not—cannot know what has oc-

"Fve told you I don't," affirms Ryecroft, now certain that the other speaks of something different, and more serious than the affair he had himself been thinking of. "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Shenstone, explain! What has oc-

"" "A river a diamond cluster. I found it mys

"Except what?"
"A ring—a diamond cluster. I found it myelf in the summer-house. You know the place
—you know the ring, too?"
"I do, Mr. Shenstone; have reasons, painful

But I am not called upon to give them nor to you. What could it mean?" he now, nor to you. What could it mean?" he adds, speaking to himself, thinking of that cry he heard when being rowed off. It connects itself with what he hears now; seems once more resounding in his ears, more than ever resembling a shriek! "But, sir; please proceed! For God's sake, keep nothing back—tell me everything."

thing!"
Thus appealed to, Shenstone answers by giving an account of what has occurred at Llangorren Court—all that had transpired previous to his leaving; and frankly confesses his own reasons for being in Boulogne.

The manner in which it is received still further satisfying him of the other's guiltlessness, he again begs to be forgiven for the suspicions he had entertained.

"Mr. Shenstone," returns Ryecroft, "you ask what I am ready and willing to grant—God knows how ready, how willing. If any misfortune has befallen her we are speaking of, however great your grief, it cannot be greater than mine."

Shenstone is convinced. Ryecroft's speech, his looks, his whole bearing, are those of a man not only guiltless of wrong to Gwendoline Wynn, but one who, on her account, feels anx-

thy keen as his own. He stays not to question further; but once more making apologies for his intrusion—which are accepted without anger—he bows himself back into the street.

The business of his traveling companion in Boulogne was over some time ago. His is now

Boulogne was over some time ago. His is now equally ended; and though without having thrown any new light on the mystery of Miss Wynn's disappearance, still with some satisfac-tion to himself, he dares not dwell upon. Where is the man who would not rather know his weetheart dead than see her in the arms of a veal? However ignoble the feeling, or base to itertain it, it is natural to the human heart returned by jealousy. Too natural, as George

feather?"

"No, Mahon; instead, proved himself as brave a fellow as ever stood before sword-point, or dared pistol bullet."

"Then there's no trouble between you?"

"Then there's no trouble between you?"

"Ah! yes, trouble; but not between us. Sorrow shared by both. We're in the same boat."

"In that case, why didn't you bring him in?"

"I didn't think of it."

"Well; we'll drink his health. And since you say you've both embarked in the same boat —a bad one—here's to your reaching a good haven and in safety!"

—a bad one—here's to your reaching a good haven, and in safety!"

"Thanks, major! The haven I now want to reach, and intend entering ere another sun sets, is the harbor of Folkestone."

The major almost drops his glass.

"Why, Ryecroft, you're surely joking?"

"No, Mahon; I'm in earnest—dead, anxious earnest."

earnest."
"Well, I wonder! No, I don't," he adds, correcting himself. "A man needn't be surprised at anything where there's a woman concerned. May the devil take her, who's taking you away

may the devit care let, from me!"

"Major Mahon!"

"Well—well, old boy! Don't be angry. I meant nothing personal, knowing neither the lady, nor the reason for thus changing your mind, and so soon leaving me. Let my sorrow at that be my excuse."

mind, and so soon leaving me. Let my sorrow at that be my excuse."

"You shall be told it, this night—now!"
In another hour Major Mahon is in possession of all that relates to Gwendoline Wynn, known to Vivian Ryecroft; no more wondering at the anxiety of his guest to get back to England; nor doing aught to detain him. Instead, he counsels his immediate return; accompanies him to the first morning packet for Folkestone; and at the parting hand-shake again reminds him of that well-timed gripe in the ditch of Delhi, exclaiming:

Delhi, exclaiming:

"God bless you, old boy! Whatever the upstone, remember you've a friend, and a bit of a tent to shelter you in Boulogne—not forgetting a little comfort from the crayther!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 446.)

THE SLEEP VISITANT.

BY FREDERIC C. KURZ.

I dreamt I lay me down to sleep, Beneath a summer sky;
Far off the shepherd watched his sheep,
With ever-wakeful eye;
A lullaby, soft, seemed to creep
From out a wood close by.

The shepherd with his flute did thrill
The air with some sweet lay;
The happy murmuring of a rill,
A hundred birds at play,
My heart with a sweet rest did fill,
Upon that summer's day.

I slept, and dreamed I wandered free.
Through dell and shady grove;
Then you, an angel, came to me,
And sung songs of above;
Then came a wild sweet melody,
And then you sung of love.

Quick as the soul that upward springs,
When Death gives it new birth;
Quick as the thought that action brings,
Quick as the laugh of mirth,
I seized you, and I cut your wings,
That you might stay on earth.

Then I awoke from my sweet sleep;
The rabbit fled to hide;
The sun into the sea did creep;
The wood was purple-dyed;
The shepherd gathered home his sheep,
And you stood by my side,

No word spoke I, but at you gazed,
With wonder and surprise;
No word of welcome, and half-dazed,
I strove not even to rise;
And ere a foot or hand I raised,
You vanished from my eyes.

The Mad Rivals.

BY OLL COOMES.

"OLD KIRK BONNYFIELD, the hunter, and Black 'Dug'—as he was called—the renegade, war the bitterest, pizenest foes I ever saw," said our old companion, Sam Corbett, by way of preface to our usual camp-fire yarn. "You were," he went on, "Old Kirk used to belong to the Nor'-western Fur Company, and Black Dug to the Hudson Bay; and as thar was a desprit spirit of rivalry between these two companies that'd been the cause of much bloodshed, it war natural enough that Kirk and Dug should be enemies. The fust time they met war at a tradin'-post and they got into a dispute and then a fight—a regular old-fashioned fist fight. They pounded away for an hour and quit even. It war the evenest match ever fought, and when they got rested one war afraid to renew the fight, and so was the other. But from that time on they war the deadliest enemies. Each one devoted most o' his time to the work o' layin' out the other. Dug left the Hudson Bay folks and took quarters with the Injuns, and Kirk he quit his company and went to huntin' on his own hook; but I'll bet he drew a bead on

Kirk he quit his company and went to huntin on his own hook; but I'll bet he drew a bead on on his own hook; but 111 bet he drew a bead on Black Dug oftener'n he did on a deer or buffalo, and, altho' he war a royal good shot, he failed to bring down his man. On t'other nand, Black Dug had plowed and scarred Kirk's body all over with bullets, but for some reason or other, they allers lacked a hair's breadth of shuttin' his

se two fightin'-cocks became known as These two lightin-cocks became known as the Mad Rivals. Kirk was looked on as a sort o'a hero, and a dozen or so hunters and trappers flocked around his standard, while Black Dug had as many gory Ingins at his heels as he wanted. It was my luck to fall in with Kirk's party one day, and I stayed with it a year. In this time we had some sulphurious old fights with Black Dug. Sometimes we licked, and some-times we made a sudden dectour to flustrate

Things continued this way for some time. when one day Kirk had the delicious opportunity o'drawin' a bead on Black Dug at two hundred yards, and the way the target keeled over and rolled to the ground from his horse, was gratifyin' to the soul of Kirk Bonnyfield. But, before we could all congratulate him upon his triumph over Satan, the earth seemed to spew out a hundred Ingins, whose presence lent wings to our feet, and away we skipped for healthy

quarters.

"And thus ended the bitter, tigerish warfare of the Mad Rivals, tho' for fear that Dug might not be dead, Kirk crowed around for six months like a bantam rooster, afore he'd settle down to white man sense; and when he did, we packed our traps and lent out for the South-west

our traps and lent out for the South-west.

"Two years after the fall of the chivalier, Black Dug, found us encamped in a little chaparral on the edge of a Texan prairie. It war night, dark and gloomy, under the shadow of post-oak and cedar, tho' our camp-fire light made quite a hole in the darkness. Out on the prairie, what the moonheams fell upolestructed

made quite a hole in the darkness. Out on the prairie, what the moonbeams fell unobstructed, it was light almost as day.

"Wal, supper was over with that night, and all had told a story but old Kirk. When it come his turn he reached for his canteen and takin' a big lubricator, started off. He war seated in his saddle on the ground. It war called a California saddle, a great hoss-load o' a thing with cantles breast-high, that made Kirk look like a frog on the back o' a hen that had her head and tail up.

"Wal, his story was a long one and a good

Meanwhile, Captain Ryecroft returns to the room where his friend, the major, has been awaiting him. Impatiently, though not in the interim unemployed; as evinced by a flat mahogany box upon the table, and beside it a brace of dueling pistols, which have evidently been submitted to examination. They are the "best barkers that can be got in Boulogne."

"We shan't need them, major, after all."

"The devil we shan't! He's shown the white feather?"

"Vou see the villain had appeared—stole a march on us while we were laughin'—and lastered to his lips again. But before silence in the males between the months of September and November.

The bucks usually shed their horns in January, although in some cases they retain them considerably longer; while the does cast theirs in the spring, at the time they drop their young. The coat of hair is shed in July.

"You see the villain had appeared—stole a march on us while we were laughin'—and lastered took advantage of our applause and hoisted his canteen to his lips again. But before silence in the males between the months of September and November.

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"You see the villain had appeared—stole a march on us while we were laughin'—and lassoed our beloved old friend. But the wurst o' it war, we saw the demon's face as he disappeared, and, by the kissin' Judas, it war the face o' that helly montal pleak Dudas, it war the face o'

"We sprung to our feet, fired a fusilade at the villain, and then started in pursuit, like a mess of fools, on foot. But we might as well 'a' chased the wind.

mess of fools, on foot. But we might as well 'a' chased the wind.

"Out into the moonlit prairie rode the reengeful devil. We saw him flyin' over the plain and the body of our friend draggin' behind. We knew that Kirk's days were numbered—that he had taken his last pelt—told his last story. Brave, noble old man! to die such a shameful death! We couldn't remain idle. We went back, mounted our horses, as we'd ought to done at fust, and started in pursuit. The trail was plain enough where that poor old body had dragged along over the cruel earth. The grass was flattened to the ground. We went on, and finally found the old man's hat, and further on his canteen, and still further on a stirrup. Our hearts grew sick and sad. We knew there was no hope for Kirk, yet we moved on actuated by our love for the old man, and a desire to take care of his body in case it wer'n't smeared all over the plains of Texas.

"Hour after hour we tredged along that awful trail o' death. The night wore slowly away. Mornin' was approachin', yet we found no beloved remains—no relief. Never did men have sich gloomy, despondent feelings as we had that night. Our hearts seemed like lead in our breasts, and the very atmosphere seemed filled to suffocation with that invisible presence of death. Our voices sounded hollow and ghostly. Finally I stopped, clasped my head and tried to think as to whether or not we had passed into another sphere. In the midst of my reflections I heard an earthly sound. I listened. I heard some one whistlin' merrily as a lark. I looked eastward and saw against the rosy sky, a horseman, ambling over the prairie. He drew nigh unto us. We cried out, halt! A roar of laughter burst from the critter's lips. It was Old Kirk, as I hope for heaven!"

"What! Alive!" exclaimed one of the auditors.

"Yes, live as the helm of a healthy hornet; and darn my buttons afore we could relivent

"Yes, live as the helm of a healthy hornet; and, darn my buttons, afore we could rekiver from our speechless surprise, if he didn't throw his leg over the horn of his saddle and from our speechless surprise, if he didn't throw his leg over the horn of his saddle and take up that confounded story right whar he left off when the lasso embraced him! And we couldn't do a blasted thing but hear him through, and when he'd concluded we made that prairie ring with shouts of joy. Our voices reached to the skies, and the waning stars danced with joy and the red beams of the early dawn fairly smoked. But the fact of it is, Old Kirk had been saved by his big saddle. The lasso had caught him and the saddle together and held them thar as one, and in draggin'through the chaparral a forked limb caught in front o' the saddle and went along, and this dragged up other brush and grass so that our man Kirk lay on the top of all and had a nice slide over the prairie all in the moonlight's dreamy glow. Of course, Black Dug knew nothin' of the shape things war in, but s'posed the old feller was bein' gradually distributed along the way in small chunks. But finally he stopped, dismounted and went back some three rods to see how much of his hated vanquished enemy remained in a lump. Old Kirk layin' on his back, loosened the lasso and drew his revolver which he alers carried in his bosom. When Dug bent over him, he thrust the pistol up into his face and fired. The villain fell dead as old Adam, and risin' up, Kirk took possession of his horse, slapped his own big saddle on its back, mounted and rode back with victory upon his banner."

The Caribou;

"Barren Ground Reindeer."

BY S. W. FRAZIER.

The probable existence of *two* species of caribou, in North America has been suggested for a ong while, the features of distinction being long while, the features of distinction being sufficiently marked to convey the idea to all who were acquainted with them of at least two strongly-marked varieties. The difference is to be found mainly in the much smaller size of the "Barren Ground" species, but having considerably longer, though very slender antlers, a gall-bladder, and a very different geographical distribution. It is confined almost entirely to the Barren Grounds, the north-eastern corner of North America along the Polar sea, bounded to North America along the Polar sea, bounded to the west by Great Slave, Athapasca, Wollaston, and Deer lakes, and the Coppermine river, and to the south by Churchill river.

The name is derived from the scarcity of wood

The name is derived from the scarcity of wood throughout almost the entire extent, excepting in the vicinity of some of the streams. There are, indeed, shrubs and bushes, some of full size, others stunted trees; but these are not suitable for full with the stream of the stream.

others stunted trees; but these are not suitable for fuel or other economical purposes.

A striking physical feature of the Barren Grounds consists in the succession of small lakes in narrow valleys, and connected by rapid streams, offering, in many cases, serious impedistreams, offering, in many cases, serious impediates. ments to the passage of boats. All abound in fish, principally salmonoid, as trout, whitefish, and grayling, in numerous species.

The borders of these waters are inhabited by a few half-starved, miserable Indians, in the depths of poverty and degradation.

Here the Barren Ground reindeer graze by chousands, accompanied by the musk ox—another characteristic inhabitant. Both are en-

abled to exist in winter only in consequence of the great quantities of reindeer moss. the great quantities of reindeer moss.

The second and larger species of reindeer is as characteristically found in the Woody District—a region covered with wood, and reposing upon a narrow belt of primitive rocks. This is about two hundred miles wide, and is included between the Barren Grounds and the north shore of Lake Superior, extending also to some distance both east and west. Indeed, the features of this region are not lost in New Brunswick, nor even in the northern part of Maine.

wick, nor even in the northern part of Maine, where caribou are found in vast numbers.

No other species than the Barren Ground caribou is found in the region inhabited by it. Occurring as it does by thousands, it is termed the curring as it does by thousands, it is termed the common deer by hunters, just as the Cervus Virginianus bears this name in the United States. In no instance is the danger of relying upon the popular name of an animal for the determination of species more fully shown than here, where two such totally-distinct species, economically, geographically and zoölogically, are presented under a common name. The Tarandus articus is not confined, however, to the Barren Grounds of America. It occurs in Greenland, and is also found in Spitzbergen.

land, and is also found in Spitzbergen.

In size it is comparatively diminutive, the doe being not much larger than a good-sized sheep. When fat, the bucks weigh, cleaned, from 80 to 125 lbs., and occasionally more. The species agrees with all other reindeer in the presence of horns in both sexes, although in the females and oung males, they are less palmated; in all ney are slender, and have the stem much eloned. Most males have one or other brow ant-developed, with a broad vertical plate ex-ding forward between the eyes; occasionally,

California saddle, a great hoss-load o'a thing with cantles breast-high, that made Kirk look like a frog on the back o'a hen that had her head and tail up.

"Wal, his story was a long one and a good one from the very jump. He had reached a point in the middle o' the story whar we couldn't hold in and so roared with laughter. Old Kirk look like a frog on the beak o'a hen that had her law, and fall off annually. In a few months these are reproduced, becoming hard as they increase in size; and when they have attained their full growth, the hairy covering peels off in ragged filaments, which is a sure sign of the might ache."

The bucks usually shed their horns in January, although in some cases they retain them considerably longer; while the does cast theirs in the spring, at the time they drop their young. The coat of hair is shed in July.

The shortness of the hair of the caribou, and the lightness of the skin when properly dressed, render it the most appropriate article for winter clothing in high latitudes. The skins of the young deer make the best dresses; and the animals should be killed for that purpose in August, as, after that month, the hair becomes long and brittle. They are so drilled into holes by the larvæ of the gad-fly that eight or ten skins are required to make a suit of clothing for a grown person. But the skins are so impervious to cold that, with the addition of a blanket of the same material, any person may bivouac in the snow

that, with the addition of a blanket of the same material, any person may bivouac in the snow with safety, and even with comfort, in the inost intense cold of an Arctic winter's night.

The hoofs of this variety of reindeer are wonderfully adapted to the country it inhabits: for, instead of being narrow and pointed, like those of the roebuck or fallow deer, they are broad, flat and spreading—a formation not only useful in preventing the animal from sinking in the winter so deep as it otherwise would do, but in shoveling away the snow from off the lichens clothing the rocks of the Barren Grounds, on which substance it feeds. They are, however, saved that trouble when driven to the woods for shelter, where they find a species of lichen hanging from the trees, which, from that circumstance, has been called reindeer moss.

In June, when the sun has dried up the lichens, the deer are to be seen in full march toward the sea-coast, to graze upon the sprouting carices and withered grass or have of the proceeding.

In June, when the sun has dried up the lichens, the deer are to be seen in full march toward the sea-coast, to graze upon the sprouting carices and withered grass or hay of the preceding year, which, at that period, is still standing, and retains part of its sap, in all the moist places covering the bottoms of the narrow valleys on the coasts and islands of the Arctic sea.

Having dropped their young, they commence their return to the south in September, and reach the vicinity of the woods in October, at which time the males are in good condition, and there is a layer of fat deposited on the back and rump to the depth of three or four inches, and frequently five or six immediately under the skin, designated dépouille by the Canadian voyageurs. This fat disappears in about a month, when they become very lean and insipid as food. The females, however, which at that period are lean, acquire, in the course of the winter, a small dépouille, which lasts till they drop their young.

The reindeer supplies the Chippewayans, Copper Indians, Dog Ribs, and Hare Indians with food, who would be totally unable to inhabit their barren lands were it not for the immense, herds of this deer that exist there. Of the

food, who would be totally unable to inhabit their barren lands were it not for the immense herds of this deer that exist there. Of the horns they form their fish-spears and hooks; and, previously to the introduction of iron by the traders, ice-chisels and various other utensils were made of them. In dressing the skins, the shin-bone, split longitudinally, is used for the purpose of scrap-ing off the hair, after it has been repeatedly moistened and rubbed; the skins are then smeared with the brains of the animal until

ing off the hair, after it has been repeatedly moistened and rubbed; the skins are then smeared with the brains of the animal until they acquire a soft, spongy character; and, lastly, are suspended over a fire made of rotten wood until thoroughly impregnated with the smoke. The last-mentioned process imparts a peculiar odor to the leather, and has the effect of preventing its becoming so hard, after being wet, as it would otherwise be. The skins thus dressed are used as winter clothing, and, by sewing sixty or seventy together, will make a covering for a tent sufficient for the residence of a large family. The undressed hide, after the hair is taken off, is cut into thongs of various thickness, which are twisted into deersnares, bow-strings, net-lines, and, in fact, supply all the purposes of rope. The finer thongs are used in the manufacture of fishing-nets, or in making snow-shoes, while the tendons of the dorsal muscles are split into fine and excellent sewing-thread. In some instances I have seen the skin so finely dressed that it equaled chamois leather.

Every part of the animal is used, even to the contents of the stomach, a savery mixture

chamois leather.

Every part of the animal is used, even to the contents of the stomach—a savory mixture, much esteemed by the Canadian voyageurs after it has undergone a degree of fermentation, or has lain to "season," as they term it, for a few days. By collecting the blood, and boiling it, they also form a very rich soup, which is considered a dainty. When all the soft parts are consumed the bones are pounded small, and a large quantity of marrow is extracted from them by boiling, which is used in making the better kinds of the mixture of dried meat and fat, termed pemmican. It is employed also by at, termed pemmican. It is en young men and females for anointing the

hair and greasing the face on dress occasions.

Pemmican is formed by pouring one-third of melted fat over the meat, which has been previously cut into thin slices, dried in the sun or over the smoke of a slow fire, and pounded beween stones, and then incorporating them together. If kept dry, it may be preserved sound or four or four or five years; and from the quantity of or four or five years; and, from the quantity of our shment it contains in small bulk, it is the The caribou travel in herds, varying in num-

ber from eight or ten to one hundred thousand; and in the rutting season the bulk of the males and females live separately. Their daily e sions are generally toward the quarter w the wind blows; and of all the deer of An they are most easily approached. The Indians kill them with the gun, take them in snares or spear them while crossing rivers or lakes. The Esquimaux catch them in traps. They are frequently slaughtered in vast numbers; a single family of Indians will sometimes kill many hundreds in a few weeks.

dreds in a few weeks.

When the Indians design to impound deer they look out for one of the paths in which a number of them have trodden, and which is observed to be still frequented by them. The pound is built by making a strong fence with bushy trees, without observing any regularity, varying from a few yards to a mile in circumference. The entrance to the pound is about the size of a common gate, and the inside is crowded with hedges, in every opening of which a snare is set, made of thongs of deer-skin parchment, well twisted together, which are amazingly strong. One end of the snare is usually made fast to a small growing tree. The pound being thus prepared, a row of small brushwood is stuck up in the snow on each side of the door or entrance, and these hedge rows are continued rance, and these hedge rows are continued long the open part of the lake, river or plain, along the open part of the lake, river or plain, which, from its openness, makes it more distinctly observed. The brushwood rows are generally placed at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards from each other, and ranged in such a manner as to form two sides of a long, acute angle, becoming gradually wider in proportion to the distance they extend from the pound, which semetimes is not less than two or three

which sometimes is not less than two or three miles, while the deer's path is exactly along the middle, between the two rows of brushwood. From a commanding situation the Indians watch the approach of the deer, when they close in upon them in the form of a crescent. The poor timorous animals, finding themselves pured, and mistaking the brushwood for ranks of succe, and mistaking the brushwood for ranks of people stationed to prevent their passing on either side, rush on, and entangle themselves in the snares, thus becoming an easy prey to the ingenious hunter. The maneuver is sometimes so successful that whole families find subsistence without having occasion to remove their tents above once or twice during the whole winter.

Dobbs pleasantly sat down at breakfast the other morning, and his loving wife said: "Darling, does your head ache?" He replied with sufficient dignity: "No; why should you ask?" And she said back: "Well, dear, you came in at three o'clock this morning, and as you couldn't hang your hat on the rack, you put the rack down on the floor, and said you'd hang every hat in the house on it; and I thought your head

-E--- Fine Manusolay Louisman, -E-----

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Sunshine Papers.

Keep Your Mouth Shut.

It is something that ninety-eight out of every hundred people need to learn—to keep their mouths shut. Not that such a percentage of the population of the world go through life with idiocy stamped upon their faces by continuously and pertinaciously unclosed mouths but that they have a most reprehensible fash on of always opening their mouths, when they do open them, at the wrong time. If there is anything that they should keep secret, that is the very fact they are sure to publish. If there is any one person to whom they ought not to repeat a certain remark, that is invariably the person to whom they do repeat it. If they hear some bit of scandal, or an ill-natured remark, which should come to an ignominious death with them, that is the first item of news they communicate to all their associates I they are in a place where they should keep silent, they fail not to talk. If there is a time when they should restrain their tempers they embrace that opportunity for giving them full

failure, many a quarrel, many a law-suit, many a severed marriage bond might have been averted; engagements might have terminated happily that are now remembered only with bitterness and tears; friendships nov turned to deadly enmity might exist unbroken; reputations now tarnished might have remained unsullied. Indeed, two-thirds of the sad 'might have beens"-"saddest words of ongue or pen"-are the results of mouths

pened when they should have been shut. Strange that an art which, when once thoroughly acquired, is worth more than a gold mine to its possessor, should be familiar to so

Some people have yet to learn that during eligious services, except when they are requested to sing, or expected to join in the responses, is one of the times when they should eep their mouths shut; and this does not ex-

this camp a terror to the officers of the law and trusty shakes of the hand, and friendly smiles, might have led them onward and upward. The moral taught by the tale of the three black crows will be a truism as long as this world exists. And learning to keep the mouth shut is the only remedy for the misery that results, daily, from the stories that have grown with the telling from "something black as a crow" to a veritable trio of those disgusting

> Keep your mouth shut-no matter how intimate a relationship you may sustain to the parties—whenever you feel like speaking to a wife concerning her husband, or to a husband oncerning his wife. Ah! the scattered family circles, the ruined homes, the sundered ties, the desolated hearts, that have resulted from the inability of friends and relatives to keep their mouths shut. And, wives, keep your mouths shut when husband is cross, or tantalizing, or goes astray—unless you can say something gentle and loving. Husbands, keep your mouths shut when wife is peevisb, or irritable, or domestic matters have gone awry, inless you can be tender, and cheerful, and patient. If one will not quarrel, two cannot!

There are some persons who talk so incessantly that they need to learn to keep their mouths shut some of the time; and some persons who talk so ignorantly, or so nonsensi-cally, that the people they annoy would be grateful if such could acquire the art of keeping their mouths shut. Keep the mouth shut over slang, oaths, unkind sarcasms, taunts, ill-natured retorts. And close the lips firmly when the repetition of a scandal would voice itself apon them. If you cannot say anything good of a person keep your mouth shut. If you can only say a little that is good, make that known, and then shut your mouth. Keep your mouth shut over gossip, and keep your mouth shut, above and beyond all, upon scandal. Believe every man one of sobriety until you know him dissipated, and even then keep your mouth shut concerning his failings, unless you can do himself or some one else good by cautious and private mention of them. Believe every person virtuous as long as possible, and when you are convinced to the contrary, do not aim to convince all the rest of the world concerning your discovery, but keep your mouth shut. Believe every one honest until convicted a thief, and then say as little about it as you can. You can do most good to the world, not by prying out and canvassing people's shortcomings, but by keeping your mouth shut. Let the workings of earthly and divine laws deal with the offenders.

Keep your mouth shut about every one else's ousiness; and remember that he who applies the same rule to his own, is wise in his day and generation.

And are my readers deeming it about time to say, "Keep your mouth shut" to-A PARSON'S DAUGHTER?

IMPROVIDENT PEOPLE.

A LITTLE bit of a while ago I received the following missive from some suffering indivi-dual, with whom "patience had ceased to be a virtue," and who came to me to pour "oil upon the troubled waters":

"If Eve Lawless is writing essays again, I do wish "If Eve Lawless is writing essays again, I do wish rou would ask her to say something about that class of people who have the same chance to save he seed from year to year that others have, yet—ever do so. Big, yellow, bouncing cucumbers, for notance, are thrown into the back yard or given to he boys for footballs, when they might just as assily be laid on the shelf for seed-time, and so save heir owners from borrowing, or begging. I know a core of persons who might be scolded for neglicence of this sort."

My good friend, I fear that the daisies will have grown for many a year over our graves ere this race of improvident people dies out. They are actually too lazy to save; they find it to be less trouble to beg and to borrow than One does not like to refuse, nor does one like doesn't one often feel like telling these persons that you cannot save for them, and asking them why they haven't been as thoughtful for themselves as they ask others to be for them?

I bave known individuals who thought it to plague one's life out for the little fastener. It is a very common exemplification of the fact that many people let others do the saving they should do themselves-let others slave for their ood, wear themselves out in their service. If you dare complain one bit, you are put down as one without feeling, kindness or Chris-

Why isn't it just as well to put away the periodicals, when one has done reading them,

Against these two powerful scamps, and the women, too, could not keep their mouths shut improvident are always both mean and shift-struction and agencies for extinguishment, renegades and cattle-thieves that make at times when reticence, kindly association, less, is the opinion of EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

My Grandfather's Clock.

MR. EDITOR:-I believe that I haven't the east little bit of a doubt about my person but that my grandfather's clock was a true, sensible piece of old-fashioned machinery, and stopped—short—never to go again, when the old man died, but the song continues to travel on along the journey of life at the rate of a, thousand hours the mile, spreading harmony over waste places, and tearfully remin.ling you that life is short as a pair of store pants. That song is the best-running piece of clock-work that I ever saw, heard, or went anywhere; none of your twenty-four-hour things. It goes without having to be wound up, though it badly needs to be wound up.

I have always been greatly affected by the nging of songs. It seems to lift me off my feet like a-school-master; it goes clear down into the depths of the Sutro tunnel of my soul: t soothes the aching in my ears like sweet oil. I never hear a beautiful young lady sing a tender song but I fall immediately in love with her, and I am therefore always greatly with ner, and I am therefore always greatly distressed because the affection is not reciprocally returned; but now, when I chance to ask a young lady to favor me with a song, she is sure to commence "My grandfather's cl—" and then I break for the front exit and from the next corner send back for my hat.

I hear it whistled on the street from the time the butcher's boy goes by at 12:15 A. M.

time the butcher's boy goes by at 12:15 A. M. until the restaurant boy goes home at 12 P. M., harp. Every hand-organ that stops under my window, convenient for me to drop a brick on it, plays that song till I can get the window up. Brass bands which I used to like to hear so well, start off on something excellent but wind up on "My Grandfather's Eternal Old Clock." Our hired girl in the kitchen has had it bad for six months, and I finally promised to pay her ten cents for every time she didn't sing it, but by that arrangement she owes me about forty-five hundred dollars to date. I, hem, I hum it myself; that aggravates the very system of my life, and keeps me continually hanging over the ragged edge of the lunatic asylum. It rolls over and over in my head when I lie down to sleep and can't say my prayers. When I get up to sing in our little church a good ways around several corners, the words of the hymn I sing drift very naturally into the tune of "My Confounded Grandfather's Clock," and my wife pinches me on the arm, while I endeavor to switch back onto the tune again. When I ride on the cars the clickiy-click of the wheels plays the tune on the rails at the rate of forty miles an hour, so that the importunities of the peanut-boy, and the frequent shakes of the conductor to ask me to show my ticket again, seem a kind of pleas-

When I go down-street my feet keep time with the undying tune of "My Grandfather's Unfortunate Peter Funk Clock," no matter how devastatingly my angry corns and bunions are piercing into the heart of my feet, and if I stop friend, he has to quit whistling it before he can take the pucker out of his lips to talk

In my dreams little imps and impesses sit around on my bed-posts, all mouths, singing the tune like a band of refreshed minstrels, or at other times I sing it myself until my wife wakes me up by slamming me over the head

The other evening Jones asked me to his house to hear a nice new song which his family had just learned to perfection. They began to sing that tune—the air began to turn blue—everything began to reel and I reeled myself; the fresh air out doors did me good. As I ran along I heard the chorus of the song dying away in the distance, but before it died it was fortunately caught up and revived by two young fellows just ahead of me.

play.

If only some people had known when to keep their mouths shut, and had been able to accomplish that most desirable feat, many a failure, many a constraint of giving them full to be provident, and they are very impudent from every music-store window. It is always in my mouth, and I can't for my life spit it out, or wash it down, and if I keep my mouth the play are very impudent to be provident, and they are very impudent to be provident to be provident, and they are very impudent to be provident to be pr shut it hums itself through my nose; the pigs to say harsh things to one's neighbor, but in the back alley squeal it, and the old hogs doesn't one often feel like telling these perseem to grunt out the base to it. It haunts me everywhere I go as well as where I don't go, like the persistent ghost of a departed creditor who is bound never to give up. birds which I used to like to hear singing their be exceedingly "prim," and an "old maidish" praises, as I laid in bed in the morning, all action to pick up a pin and put it by in case of need, and yet are the very first to pester and piece" so that I have greatly enlarged my ears in trying to stuff the bed-clothes in them, and just now, as between the pauses I try to write, four fellows are singing it as they sit across on the curb-stone.

I can't run away from it because it runs faster than I can and overtakes me, and to think, a year ago I was afraid I was threatened with eafness and hired three doctors to cure me! When my wife gives me a lecture now-and she is a lecture bureau herself-it sounds like

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Bound Out;" "Wolfstin Ike;" "Josse Black;" "Grand Pa's Christmas;" "Mary;" "Winter;" "Whose Was the Defeat?" "Romaile of a Night;" "Jessie's Thanksgiving;" "Her Freedom;" "An Awful Mistake;" "Dick's Stinginess;" "His Thankfulness;" "Lester's Love;" "Dell's Engagement."

Declined: "Dick Darling;" "How the Sea Bird," etc.; "Miner's Story;" "Thanksgiving; "The Indignant Critic;" "His Gold Hunt;" "Kaiser;" "A Daughter's Ruse;" "The Bidden Guest;" "The Good the Gods Give;" "Three Hours in Silken Bonds;" "Yes-yes;" "Banding the Beautiful Arm;" "How Well it Was!"

I. N. E. All deer meat is venison. Prairie-hen is not grouse, nor is grouse partridge.

H. D. Do not care to give criticisms on MS. It is a thankless task at best.

JOHN MCF. "Gold Dan" (the successor of "Velet Hand") is in No. 41 of Beadle's DIME LIBRARY. H. K. We have no use for matter of the nature of your little contributions. Why not send them to N. Y. Home Journal?

PETER S. Have answered by mail. Be sure to follow directions. Indigestion is the source of many bodily ills.

T. O. G. Of course it is proper to present your friend's sisters each a Christmas gift. Choose some article both pretty and in some way u-eful.

F. B. W. We have no "amateur tragedy book," nor is there such a book published. See French's list for pamphlet copies of all the great tragedies, We can give no particular directions for making a scout's suit. Try and see Buffalo Bill in his scout-

ELBERT. Encourage your niece to come to your house; get her confidence and love; try and so arrange as to anticipate her desires; make her presents; go cut with her to evening entertainments; anything is proper to break up her tendency to melancholia and to bring her forward in society.

ZABRISKIE TOM. There are no "alcades" in California. The correct spelling is alcalde—a judge or local governor under the old Spanish régime, and in force when the Americans seized California; but with that seizure all Mexican offices were made to conform to our own. The word alcaid is applied only to the governor of a department, or castle, or fort.

fort.

W. H. M. Everything is not due to your wife. By marrying you did not absolve yourself from the claims of your sister. It is not only your right but your duty to see that she is happy as far as you can make her so. To deny her the old confidence and intimacy is more than cruel; it is wrong, as you will discover if your denial of love should estrange and change her.

and change her.

PRISCILLA. A brown or black silk is always in style. If your form is full and imposing the plain is more becoming than stripes or plaids. If your father does not object to your providing yourself with the dress for the New Year's reception, it will be a very sensible and pleasant method of earning it to let the three or four gentlemen have their way in the matter. No lady is lessened in a real gentleman's estimation by showing her willingness to render services for a money consideration.

Axie says: "A young gentleman sits at church in

man's estimation by showing her willingness to render services for a money consideration.

Axie says: "A young gentleman sits at church in the pew directly in front of curs. He is a nice young fellow that I like, but he is a horrid singer. He thinks he sings bass—he only growls, and I do wish sometimes that he was forbidden the church. I don't want to hurt his feelings, but if something isn't done I shall have to change our pew. What would you suggest?" Lay the matter before the church authorities—write him a note—choke him! Such a singer is worse than a wheezy pipe in the organ.

Bob Ingliss. It will be perfectly proper for you to invite the young lady with whom you sre keeping company to take dinner at your house upon Christmas Day. The fact that you are not yet formally engaged to her need not make any difference. Nor need the young lady feel any diffidence about accepting such an invitation, simply because you have no sisters. So long as your mother seconds your invitation, it is not in the least out of the way for your friend to visit you at your bome on that occasion. If she will not be persuaded otherwise, a note from your mother will probably overcome her excessive scrupulousness.

Leona Ray asks: "Do you think it wrong for a

Leona Ray asks: "Do you think it wrong for a young lady to act as the plaintiff in a mock trial for a breach of promise? I have been urged by a number of friends to take the part, as all of the other young ladies solicited have refused. But I do not wish to do so until I have some disinterested person tell me what they think about the propriety of it. Will you give me your advice?" With pleasure. There is no more harm in acting as plaintiff than as a witness in such a case; and the only question of propriety is whether such cases should be familiarized to the young by being used for mock trials at all. If, however, your friends see nothing objectionable in such a mock trial theme, there need be no further hesitancy on your part about accepting the position assigned you. Certainly, if you act your part well, more credit accrues to it than to any minor rôle.

Lewis Lynn says: "I waited upon a young lady

part well, more credit accrues to it than to any minor rôle.

Lewis Lynn says: "I waited upon a young lady for some time, and liked her very much. But I heard that she said I was "silly," and since then I have not spoken to her. But I heard from a lady friend that the girl still thinks considerable of me, and says she would give anything to make up with me. Now, I have commenced to go with another young lady, but one I do not think so much of as I did of the first one. What would you advise me to do? Would you make up with the girl I like best?"—We presume you mean, would we advise you to "make up" with the girl you like the better? As you have treated herso coolly entirely upon hearsay evidence it is very possible that you have done her much injustice, and it is but fair that you give her a chance to explain matters. Tell her what displeased you, and let her have an o portunity to defend herself, since she still cares for you. When she states exactly what she did say, you may find matters quite different from what you supposed. Certainly, give her a chance to be friendly with you again, since you are willing to admit that you are still fond of her. You may be happy yet.

Tungaraboo. Mahomet was an Arabian. His tollowers now far outunmber the Christians.

Wisy tan't it just as well to put away the keep their mouths shurt, and this does not concept all elergymen, for it would be bester for many of that class of individuals, and variety and the class of individuals, and variety the properties of the concept and the class of individuals, and variety the concept and the c

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

THE EVENING OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON,

'Tis autumn time, and just below,
Those wreaths of thin blue smoke
From hamlet-house are rising slow,
And golden banners crown the oak.
In silence white the burial ground
In yonder quiet valley lies,
And weeping willows grow around
Where lettered-headstones rise.

The friends that trod those winding lanes

In the years forever dead,
Are resting there where silence reigns—
While angels guard each bed.
Their faces though again I see
Through the years that lie between,
As the shadows gather o'er the lea,
'Mid the graves and evergreen.

Childhood's friends, the maiden fair,
Who loved me so well, long ago,
Come back to me, and thro' the still air
Whisper echoes soft and low.
I hear a voice, a long-loved voice,
Speaking sweetly once again:
'Oh! weary heart, be calm! rejoice!
We'll meet on heaven's fair plain!'

Maud's Ambition.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"KEITH LENNOX! Marry Keith Lennox—Ada, are you crazy? I'd as soon think of cutting off my right arm as marrying Keith Lennox, or any other man who is not able to give me a better place to live in than—this."

Maud Lawrence tossed her pretty goldenhaired head, and looked all her indignant contempt at her sister Ada's mention of Keith Lennox's name.

"I am afraid you expect so much more than

nox's name.

"I am afraid you expect so much more than you will ever get, dear; that is all. We are poor, obscure people, Maud, and it would be very unreasonable if a Prince Charming should come along and select either of us for his consort. And besides, Keith is a good fellow, Maud, and earning a salary equal to papa's. If all of us can live on twelve hundred a year, and such terrible doctor's bills for mamma, I am sure two healthy, strong young people ought to live on the same sum very luxuriously and save money in the bargain."

Ada's tone was earnest and gentle, and Maud

and save money in the bargain."

Ada's tone was earnest and gentle, and Maud felt obliged to listen, although there was a little sareastic smile on her red lips.

"Twelve hundred a year! Ada, you don't seem to understand that I never, never will be satisfied unless I make a grand match. I ought to do it, Ada, for although, as you say, we are poor and obscure, I am pretty; I only speak of my appearance as so much stock in trade; I have a fair education; you have often told me I had 'style' enough to wear the strawberry had 'style' enough to wear the strawberry leaves; and I am positive I would enjoy the position of a wealthy man's wife, and by that I mean, a position that can command houses and lands, horses and carriages, servants in livery and powder, a villa at the sea-shore, one in the mountains a..." Ada interrupted her with a little exclamation

"Child, how you are running on! You surely know how worse than folly it is for you to build such impossible chateaux d'Espagne; why, Maud, a princess could hardly have more than you

Maud laughed and flushed, looking ravishingly sweet and piquant with her blue eyes all aglow, her mouth dimpling.

"Oh, but you interrupted me before I said

all I want—and mean to have, too! I know there are diamonds, and grand costumes and European tours waiting for me, some time, somewhere, Maud, and when you deliberately advise me to marry Keith Lennox—! Well, the insanity of the idea is appalling."

Ada opened her sewing-machine with a little

"Notwithstanding everything, I suppose your blue organdie must be finished in time for the lawn party to-morrow. And poor Keith will be

An impatient frown puckered up Maud's fair

forehead.

"And what if he is? So will Mr. Holland, and Jennie Gatzmer's good-looking brother, and Phil Barry and—oh, dozens of young men. Only I don't know why you need say 'poor Keith;' he has twelve hundred a year, you

Her blue eyes sparkled saucily, but Ada, winding a bobbin did not see it, and answered grave-

"I was not speaking of him financially. I am sorry for him, because he worships you, and you intend to throw him over."

Maud laughed deliciously—music that of itself was a rare charm.

Maud laughed deliciously—music that of itself was a rare charm.

"Why don't you take him, Ada? You two suit each other remarkably well—and leave me to arrange my own affairs. Ada—" and the sweet voice suddenly dropped its gay, bantering tone, and was so seriously grave and resolute that Ada looked instantly up—"Ada, if Mr. Pemberton asks me, I shall accept him."

"Mr. Pemberton! Mr. Pemberton! Maud, my darling, don't say such a horrible thing again, even in jest! You sicken me, you frighten me—that wicked old man—oh. Maud, surely, surely you are only teasing me?"

For there was a resoluteness on Maud's grave face that emphasized her slow, deliberate words.

"Is he a wicked old man? Oh, of course he is not young—as—Keith Lennox—but you will not deny that he is—oh! awfully rich—a "Bonanza king" they call him, don't they? Papa says he's worth at least five million dollars."

The blue eyes were flashing and glowing on Add's horwifed face. The blue eyes were flashing and glowing on da's horrified face. "Maud! What matter a thousand million if

you must have it at such a—such a horrible sacrifice! He is so vulgar, so—so loud—so flashy, so old—why, his youngest child is nearly as old as you, Maud, and his wife hasn't been dead a year

Maud laughed again—that silvery little melo-Maud laughed again—that silvery little melody that had made Rufus Pemberton once boast before a bar-room full of admiring, envious comrades, that "if money could buy that laugh and the girl who run it, he'd be the purchaser." "Well, there—there—Ada, don't let's talk about it. Put the Torchon lace on those ruffles, dear, and it'll look sweet! I do hope to-morrow "Il be a fair day, don't you?"

Then she went off to her room on some pretext or other, and Ada sat and sewed and grieved, and tried to hope that after all Maud would never let her mercenary ambition ruin her happiness.

Mr. Rufus Pemberton sat in his magnificent Mr. Femus remeeton at m in maginicent library that snowy, blustering morning, a look of perplexed annoyance on his coarse face as he read over and over again a letter he had just finished writing, in the construction of which he had wasted an hour, possibly, and which yet seemed unsatisfactory.

And the letter was to Maud Lawrence, to

whom he had been engaged to be married since the day of the famous picnic, several months before, when Maud had been so ravishingly beautiful in her pale-blue organdie, with her golden curls flying, her pink cheeks flushing and dimpling, her exquisite laugh ringing sil-

The letter was to Maud Lawrence, who had been living in a seventh heaven of feverish de-light and exultation that her wildest dreams were to be realized—until these last few weeks when it seemed as if Fate herself was bound to be avenged for the outrage Maud was so de-liberately perpetrating on her own heart and finer nature.

liberately perpetrating on her own heart and finer nature.

For terrible misfortune had come to Maud Lawrence; terrible sickness that had spent all its power of fury on her, wrecking her for life, wasting her wonderful beauty, and dooming her to speak in hoarse, whispering tones; then, as if her evil genius could not be sufficiently appeased by such pitiful sacrifices, her disease settled in her hip and Maud was lamed for life!

It was when she was recovering her physical

strength—maimed and marred for all time though she was—that Rufus Pemberton made up his coarse, sensual mind to get off his bargain with the girl whose beauty and grace he had thought a good exchange for his money. And the letter that bothered him was the letter to the girl he had asked to marry him, telling her, in plain, clumsy terms, that he no longer wanted her.

And it went into Maud's cheerful little invalid bedroom, where there was sunshine, and where

And it went into Maud's cheerful little invalid bedroom, where there was sunshine, and where there were flowers and a bird and a kitten, and new novels, and a bit of gay zephyr work—it went in into the brightness and comfort, like a cruel sword thrust into quivering flesh, hurting and stinging Maud's sensitive pride, and making her desperate in her shame and rage, and making Ada send up praises of thanksgiving even when she counted the price.

After that came the darkest days Maud Lawrence had ever known. More sickness and trouble followed, and death came and left the two girls alone and entirely unprovided for. They were obliged to go away from the pleasant little home that never before had seemed so pleasant to poor Maud; and the actual fromday-to-day-fight with the world began; and Maud in her helplessness and misery had to sit by and let brave-hearted, cheery-souled Ada earn the bread and cheese for them to eat.

It was during those days that the discipline of adversity worked its effect on Maud's subdued spirit, and she saw what a grand man Keith Lennon was—Keith Lennon who had stood by

adversity worked its effect on Maud's subdued spirit, and she saw what a grand man Keith Lennox was—Keith Lennox who had stood by them in all their circumstances, who had been Ada's counselor, comforter, friend; and who now, Maud saw with a bitterness of pain she never dreamed could come to her through Keith Lennox—she saw would one day be still

Keith Lennox—she saw would one day be still nearer and dearer.

For Ada's eyes would brighten when he came, invariably asking for her; and when, through the day Maud would speak of him, Ada would flush and look conscious, and then Maud would feel the bitter pain, and tell herself her better sense and better self had been awakened only in time to discover it was too late to be of avail.

avail It all culminated one day, when Ada went into the quiet little room where Maud sat trying to eke out their close income, making some lace

to eke out their close income, making some lace trimming for the stores.

"I want to have a little talk with you, dear, about our affairs. I suppose we—I mean Keith and I—might have waited a little longer before we told you, but Keith asked me to tell you today, and so, dear, put down your work and listen."

listen."
Poor Maud! A look at Ada's sweet, peacefully happy face told her what was to be said, and although it was worse pain than any one could have told, Maud hushed the sorrowful sobs that were stirring in her heart before they reached her poor, quivering lips. Ada gently caressed the little white hand that lay quiet on the dainty lace-work, as she talked.

"You see, dear, Keith thought it best that

ty lace-work, as she talked.

"You see, dear, Keith thought it best that
we should do nothing until everything was arranged, but now—he has got the little cottage he
wanted—oh, such a darling nest of a house, and,
Maud, it is all furnished so beautifully, and this
afternoon he is to come for us in a carriage and
take us out to see it. Maud, you don't begin to
know what a splendid fellow Keith is!" Maud smiled a pitiful, patient little ghost of a

Maud smiled a pitiful, patient little ghost of a smile.

"I know he is, Ada, a dear, good fellow."

"And there couldn't be a better for a brother-in-law, Maud!"

Ah! It was a delicate, roundabout way to tell it, but, all the same, there went a pain like a dagger through Maud's heart. A brother-in-law! Well—yes, that was what he would be to her—she, who had once thrown him contemptuously aside for a man who had—it sickened her as she thought of it all, and compared the two, and realized her loss, she—lame, sick, voiceless! Nevertheless it was a gentle, patient face that smiled at Keith Lennox, as he stood on the little rose-bowered piazza waiting for them; very pure, lovely eyes that time or sickness never would dim, but that trouble had male more beautiful and soulful than ever, that looked up in his eager, grandly tender face as he lifted her from the carriage.

"Welcome! Come in, and make yourselves at home, because—you have told her, haven't you, Ada, that we are here for good? You told her the marriage is to take place here, this afternoon?"

Another of those agony thrills shot through

ternoon?"
Another of those agony thrills shot through her, then she smiled bravely at Keith and Ada. "How delicious! Only, Ada's not dressed enough like a bride."
She said it, scarcely knowing what she said. Then, Ada's arms were around her neck, and Keith was holding her two hands in his, and leaking down in her actorished ares.

Helth was nothing her two hands in his, and looking down in her astonished eyes.

"But Ada is not the bride, Maud! It is you, my darling, you for whom I have been waiting so long, whom I want above all things, for whom I have made this little home—you, Maud, and the clergyman is waiting in the parlor to make you my wife! Maud!—Ada, tell her to say yes!"

say yes!"
No need for Ada's intercession, for the look of ineffable happiness in those deep, sweet eyes, that gleamed on, and radiated from every feature of that rare sweet face answered Keith as man never before was answered.

A Wild Girl:

LOVE'S GLAMOUR.

A Romance of Brooklyn Heights.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "PRET TY AND PROUD," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

CHAPTER XX. MISUNDERSTOOD. Oh, to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

—Byron.

AFTER the death of the duchess the Count AFTER the death of the duches the Countricanni went into mourning, and mourned for her as long, perhaps, as it is natural for a man to grieve for a dead woman. It was six months before he permitted himself to smile; three more, before he allowed himself to reflect that here was still pleasure in living; a year when be began to pick up the dropped golden threads a brilliant life and to appear in Venetian soof a brilliant life and to appear in Venetian society again as the gay, young and lavish noble. About this time he had been in Milan, on some errand of business or pleasure, and had, for want of something better to do, gone to the Opera House to pass judgment, one evening, on a young debutante said to give brilliant promise. Judge of his surprise, his emotion, when he discovered that the new singer was that lovely American who had, at one time, almost reconciled him to his Laura being the wife of another! Judge, too, of his indignation, when his faithless secretary came out in the character of chief tenor. So, these two were living together! hief tenor. So, these two were living together

Incredible! He kept his eyes fixed on Kitty until their magnetism drew hers to recognize him. Then he saw her turn deadly pale, then the blood surge slowly in a red wave over brow and breast to leave her whiter than before; at least, he, who had pretended to love him so well as to be willing to elope with him, had not forgotten him! Was that a blush of shame or love, or

"Please do not speak to me, Count Cicarini," she said to him, holding out her white arms as if to keep him away. "Yet, stay! I have one request to make of you. It is—that you do not—seek to punish Alberto for the crimes he did against you. He is—my husband—now."

The words dropped like icicles from her pallid lips. The count bowed low as he answered:
"For your sake, madame—for the sake of the pleasant past—I consent not to lay a straw in Alberto's way. May your life with him be happy and prosperous; I shall not disturb it."

His beautiful lips curled with scorn of a woman who could debase herself to live with that scoundrel. Kitty saw the contempt, but her lips were sealed—she could only look after him with a dilating gaze of love, horror, shame, longing, desperation: Alberto was at her elbow, his fierce eyes watched her with malignant cunning, and she had to allow the count to bow again, and pass on, haughtily, biting his lips with annoyance, out of the theater. Ah! the count did not hear that low cry of despair that broke from her struggling heart when he was gone; he did not see her fall like an overtoppled statue prone upon the floor.

Teresa had much to do to get her young mistress back to her senses, and dressed for her next entrance on the stage. Happily there was quite a scene before the prima donna would be called. Yet, even then, Kitty would never have moved herself to the effort had she not hoped to see the count again in his box when she went out on the stage. She did not see him, however; he had left the opera house in a passion of scorn, anger, wounded feelings. Despair did for her, then, what it has done for many another woman—kept her up to the pitch of the part she had attempted: so that the impressible yet critical Milanese wondered to see so mere a child act with such fiery vehemence, with passion and energy only to be expected of experience.

Next morning, the dark-browed servant, who had stood near her young mistress during that

Next morning, the dark-browed servant, who

Next morning, the dark-browed servant, who had stood near her young mistress during that brief interview of the night before, came to the count's hotel with a letter; but the count had just gone off in the omnibus for the train—it would be too late if she attempted to meet him. So, the explanation of the strange situation in which he found her, that Kitty had made and dispatched secretly by Teresa, missed of being delivered, and Kitty did not have the count's address in Venice.

dispatched secretly by Teresa, missed of being delivered, and Kitty did not have the count's address in Venice.

After that Kitty brooded, deeply and often; over the temptation to suicide. The fear of Carlo's contempt had ever been the keenest of all her sufferings in the difficult position to which her helplessness on board the yacht had condemned her.

"All is over between him and me," she said to herself, in bitterest grief. "His pride would prevent his having anything to do with me, were I free this hour. Though he knew that villain's hand had never touched me, he would despise me for having been called his wife. Yet, I was no coward. I did the best I could. When I think of how utterly helpless I was, in the power of my tormentor, alone on the ocean with him, legally his wife, I wonder that I was able to make terms with him! He feared that I would kill myself—he saw that I had the resolution to do it—and thus he would lose the rich plunder his avarice courted, so he entered into bonds with me. Ay, I hold him to his terms! But Carlo cannot know that. Carlo despises me. Alberto dares to sneer at my 'hopeless love'—to taunt me with my love for the count! I shall lose my reason, some day. How horribly have I been punished for that waywardness which I thought so brave!"

CHAPTER XXI. THE SUN SHINES THROUGH A CLOUD. Do I bear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry—
There is some one dying or dead.—Tennyson.

When Philip Armory sent up his card from one of the parlors of the Everett House, the morning following his visit to the opera, to Madame Franca, only the dark-faced servant came

lown to him. "Madame cannot see you this morning Mr. Armory. She is in—affliction. There has been —sudden illness—and death. Monsieur Franca—is dead. He died—of pneumonia, about—an hour ago. Madame begs you will call again this evening; and—requests that you do not speak of her—to any one."

er-to any one. er—to any one."

The woman was evidently intensely excited, et making a great effort to restrain herself. he spoke with curious hesitation; a deep light littered in her eyes, it would almost seem as if

or very joy.

As for Philip, he could not, at first, speak at all. He was utterly confounded by this news.

That flerce, dark man who had sung with her ast night, dead? Kitty, a widow! Free! His neart gave a wild leap of exultation—then sunk coldly down again half-appalled at its own self-ishness. Kitty in trouble! That was the way to think of it—Kitty mourning her dead!

It was fully two minutes before he answered the messenger:

It was fully two minutes before he answered the messenger:

"Can I, then, be of no help?"

She shook her head.

"My mistress cannot see any one. She is in hysteries—I must go back to her, at once."

"J-will be here, then, this evening at eight."

Philip, when he returned to the bank, pleaded illriess and was excused from work. He would have made sad mistakes had he attempted any arithmetic that day. Going home, he shut himself up in his room, giving to his mother that convenient excuse—headache.

Meantime, at the hotel, there was considerable excitement over the death of M. Franca. The manager of the troupe was, of course, very much put out about it; it was inconvenient for him. He would lose his prima-donna, too; for she had already sent him word that she should never sing on the stage again.

Much sympathy was felt for the young and lovely cantatrice, who exhibited all the symptoms of profound grief.

The truth was that Kitty's nerves had, for a year and a half, been under such a constant and terrible strain, that, when this sudden, unexpected relief came—and, added to that, the shock of knowing her persecutor dead—she lost, for hours, all control of herself, going from one spasm of hysteria into another, until nature was utterly exhausted and she fell into a deep and deathlike sleep.

She had awakened from the refreshing sleep,

deathlike sleep.

She had awakened from the refreshing sleep, had a cup of tea, and Teresa had combed out the tangles of her long, silken hair and thrown about her young mistress a richly-embroidered white cashmere dressing-gown, when Mr. Armory's card canguing agin.

card came up again.

"Help me out into my sitting-room, Teresa;
then, bring him in, and do you sit outside the
door and see that we are not interrupted."

Philip trembled so that he could hardly stand when he found himself clasping the marble hand which Kitty held out to him. She had done with weeping, now; done with nervous shiverings and screamings. She stood pefore him pale, calm and lovely as some moon-

"Mr. Armory, it is kind of you to come. did not feel that I could bear the excitement meeting my father to-day. I want you to tell him first that I am here; and tell him some oth-er things, too, which it is important he should hear. You may think strange that I choose you for my messenger, but I know you are a true friend of mine. How are Miss Bayard and Mr. Fenn?—are they married?"

"Married, and very happy, I believe. The only trouble they have in the world is the anxiety they feel about you, I have been told."

He wondered to find her so tranquil, speaking in an ordinary tone.

in an ordinary tone.

"A great good fortune has befallen me today, Mr. Armory. I thank God for it! I
thank him that the man who lies in yonder room is dead. Oh, I am free again— I can breathe once more!" stretching her round white arms up with a passionate gesture. "You are surprised? Listen! that abhorrent man, who lies there dead, never was my husband. It is true, he cheated me into a ceremony, which,

under the circumstances, could have no validity in the eyes of God or man. That night of the fête in Newport I was seized by him and his creatures, forced into a boat, placed on board his yacht, and carried off to sea. I was a help-less girl alone with that villain. All on board were hired to second his interests. He claimed me as his wife—said that he had the legal right to seize me and compel me to accompany him. I will tell you how, in my despair, I yet refused to yield to the odds against me—how I forced a compromise from him. Sit down."

Both had stood, in the profound agitation of the meeting; she motioned him to sit at the oth-er end of the sofa on which she now sunk down,

er end of the sofa on which she now sunk down, and, with flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, and sweet, clear voice thrilling with the vibrant ring of truth, she gave the singular story of her partnership with Alberto.

"I bought him," she said, triumphantly. "It was my money he wanted—not me! Avarice was his strongest passion, and I led him by it. Teresa will swear to you that I never was alone one moment with that scoundrel. Yet there was nothing for me to do, but to pass as his wife. I was in his power, and I had to make the best bargain I could. Mr. Armory, do you think papa will blame me? Do you think I could have done otherwise than as I did, and preserve my good name? Will you go to my father and tell him that his little Kitty has come back to him as pure as when she went father and tell him that his little Kitty has come back to him as pure as when she went away?—as much his own little Kitty as ever. That she wants to come back to him and try how good she can be—a better girl than the willful, troublesome Kitty of the old days."

She was looking at him coaxingly, with the little mouth pursed up and the blue eyes full of smiles and tears.

little mouth pursed up and the blue eyes full of smiles and tears.

With the death of her tormentor it seemed to Kitty that her heart, soul and body sprung up elastic, as from under a crushing spell; the long year and a half of terror—during which she would have gone mad had not music afforded her an employment by means of which she might forget herself at times—was almost as if it had never been. Philip watched her, entranced, fascinated, admiring, more than words can tell, the wonderful courage and spirit which had brought her out of that dark period of her life triumphant. her life triumphant

ou are a brave girl," he said, warmly; "a 'Am I not? Yes, I would rather fight Inlians than be again on that vessel, a prisoner as I was. Yes, I am a chip of the old block, Mr.

I was. Yes, I am a chip of the old block, Mr. Armory—you know my great-grandmother fought in the Revolution, in boy's clothes. That would be lots more fun than the kind of mental warfare I had to carry on."

Truly this was Kitty Kanell, sitting on the sofa, talking to him! Philip felt the old spell of her playful witchery creeping over him. There were "none like her—none."

"Thank God, you are safe," fervently.

"I do thank God," answered Kitty, with sudden, sweet solemnity. "Do not think me heartless, Mr. Armory, because I can be almost gay in the presence of sudden death. If you could only imagine half what I have suffered!" with a shudder. "Why! only last evening, when I only imagine half what I have suffered!" with a shudder. "Why! only last evening, when I saw you in the parquette looking at me with those reproachful eyes, I was the most miserable girl on the face of the earth. If Alberto had lived, I should have kept the secret of my life with him, for he had my promise. My only hope, yesterday, was that he would squander my fortune quickly, and then, when he had gotten the last dollar, let me go. Now, to-day, I am free! I am Kitty Kanell again! My heart sings in my breast. I cannot help it. I shall be with my father—I shall see Lilia and Florian—I shall go wild with joy! You will tell papa all about it to-night; to-morrow he will come for me!"

Philip said "yes;" but he said it with a sigh. He had no part in this joy of Kitty's; he was only a convenience to her; she had sent for him because he was the first acquaintance who pre-

because he was the first acquaintance who presented himself on her return.

"Go now, Mr. Armory," cried Kitty, with all her old impulsiveness. "Fly! tell papa all. He will be so glad to hear. Tell him to come for me early. I want to breakfast with him! I shall be up and waiting. I shall be awfully grateful to you. Where do you live now? How is your dear, kind mother?"

"She is your father's housekeeper. You will see her in the morning."

She did not notice the bitterness in the poor clerk's tone.

I am so glad! How nice it is for my father to have such a lady in place of Miss Parseley. Kiss your dear mother for me, Mr. Armory. And now, please, go. I shall imagine the scene, while you are telling papa. It will take you an hour to reach him—it is half-past eight now—at half-past nine you will stand in his august presence and say: 'Kitty wants to come home! Kitty waiting for her page to come for here!'"

Kitty is waiting for her papa to come for her!". She burst into a silvery laugh of pure joy. The echo of that laugh crept into the adjoining room where Alberto lay still under a white pall —he could not rouse himself and put down that laugh with a cruel look out of his wicked eyes. Poor girl! He had made her suffer agonies prolonged. It was but retribution that she

prolonged. It was but retribution that she should laugh that he was dead.

After Philip went away, Kitty said to her

servant:

"Undress me quickly, Teresa; I am tired and sleepy. Ah, Heaven! how sweet it is to dare to sleep soundly once more. Teresa, are you glad for me or sorry for him?"

I am glad for madame," answered Teresa,

"I am glad for madame," answered Teresa, quietly: and so she was.

At first her interest had been for her employer; but Kitty had long since won the hard woman's heart, who had been a watchful and faithful servant to her. It would have been dangerous for Alberto to have attempted to break over his promise, with that dragon guarding her sweet young mistress.

"Dear soul, how like an infant she sleeps!" murmured Teresa, as, in a few moments after

murmured Teresa, as, in a few moments after she had tucked her in bed, Kitty went off into childish dreams, with smiling, parted lips and rosy cheeks kissed by curling tendrils of silky

hair.

There were hired watchers for the dead; so the woman devoted herself to her mistress, snatching a little rest from time to time, as she sat in an arm-chair all night by Kitty's bed.

Philip was both happy and miserable as he made his way back to Brooklyn to tell the banker his daughter's strange story.

banker his daughter's strange story.

He was happy to think Kitty was safe and free; he was wretched to think he had "no part 'in her fortunes—that she loved all her

I must leave Mr. Kanell's, of course. My "I must leave Mr. Kanelis, of course. My mother and I must find a little house, somewhere," he mused. "Delicacy forbids that I should intrude upon her, after the declaration of my feelings which I made in Newport."
That night he and Mr. Kanell had a long and stormy interview; the result of the story which Philip had to tell.

Kitty arose early, and had Teresa dress her carefully; then she sat down by the window to

"I am going to take breakfast at home, Teresa," she kept repeating to her maid every few moments. "I will bring madame a cup of coffee here, before she goes out in the cold," and Teresa did

While Kitty was drinking it there was a while kitty was drinking it there was a knock at the door; she set down her cup and ran to open it herself, ready to throw herself into her father's arms; but it was not Mr. Kanell who stood there—only Philip Armory. "Where is my father?"

"He did not come."
Looking in Philip's embarrassed countenance, she gathered the truth.
"He has cast me off! I am not to go to

him!"
"He is up in arms about your going on the stage. The Kanell pride has received a blow."
"What else could I have done, Mr. Armory?
If it had not been for my singing I should have lost my senses. What could I have done other

under the circumstances, could have no validity in the eyes of God or man. That night of the fête in Newport I was seized by him and his creatures, forced into a boat, placed on board his yacht, and carried off to sea. I was a helpless girl alone with that villain. All on board were hired to second his interests. He claimed were hired to second his interests. He claimed the does! Very well, if I make his hard heart words with real sentences.

he does! Very well, if I make his hard heart ache with real sorrow, some day, he will have only himself to blame."

"I do not think Mr. Kanell gives full credit to your story. At all events, he is vexed and irritated beyond the point where he can be reasonable. I am very sorry. I am afraid he thinks me an impertinent meddler, for I spoke very plainly to him last night. I assure you, it was not easy for me to come here with his message."

was not easy for me to come here with his message."

"What was his message?"

"That you are a stranger to him."

"He never did love me," said Kitty, with quivering lips. "He never really loved any one but himself—not even my poor mamma."

Then the Kanell blood leaped into her cheek and its pride into her eyes.

"He shall never be troubled with word from me again. I am eighteen—my own mistress. I

And its pride into her eyes.

"He shall never be troubled with word from me again. I am eighteen—my own mistress. I have plenty of money of my own—thank Heaven, I am not indebted to him, even for that!—and 'the world is all before me where to choose.' Tell him he has driven me back upon the stage—that he is worse than the dead villain lying in yonder room. Tell him that I will come to Brooklyn and sing in the Academy there, on purpose to please him. Tell him "—stamping her little foot passionately, her resentment growing as she went—"that I will take care to sing there as Kitty Kanell! I never was the wife of that dead man; and he had no name to give me, if I had been his wife. I am Kitty Kanell still; and as Kitty Kanell I will triumph over my unlucky star."

"I wish you would place yourself under my mother's care," ventured Philip, fascinated and yet alarmed by this display of spirit. "You are too young and—and beautiful—to get on without a chaperon. Especially as—"

"As cruel accident has compromised me," you would kindly say. Thank you, Mr. Armory. I like your mother, and may ask her to share my fortunes. Do not be too uneasy about my future. I see apprehension written on your face! With youth and beauty and money I am not afraid of being put down! I am going to have my own way now. There is something better in life than being cooped up"—forgive Kitty this naughty expression—"with a cross father in a gloomy old house. Tell him so, with my compliments, please. And now, Teresa, I will have breakfast here as soon as possible. Mr. Armory, will you breakfast with me! No? Then I regret your decision! Good-by."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 451.)

A SONG OF HEAVEN.

BY WM. W. LONG.

I would sing you a song of the glorious heaven, If my pen could chant its lay—
Of its rippling streams where the sunlight gleams, In the light of an endless day—
Of its scenery sublime, where the hand of Time Can never write decay—
Of the fragrant breeze thro' the whispering trees, That never will pass away—
Of strange bright birds on airy wings, With music in their flow—
Of the glories there, and holy prayer, That only the good will know!

I would sing of the blest, in the land of rest—
The home that God hath given,
Where no dark woe pale mortals know,
In the glorious land of heaven!
I would sing you a song of the sky's dark blue,
Tinted with crimson and gold!
But my soul is weak, and my pen lacks power
To picture that land untold.
I would tell of the love in the land above,
In a pure and glorious strain—
Of the peaceful bliss that the joys of this,
Would wreathe in fearful pain.

Would wreathe in fearful pain.

B it my heart is cold with a sin-clad mold,
That hath warped it fearful and long;
And my soul is sick to the guilty quick,
And I cannot sing that song!
I have dreamed of heaven when the stars of even,
On the summer flowers fell,
And the silver light of the Queen of Night,
Kissed the stream in the shady dell;
But the deep unrest in my tired breast,
Woke me to earth and pain.
Why did I stray from the shining way,
To the pleasures of earth again?

Sweet sunset land, I have dreamed of thee
When the sun in the west was dying,
And zephyrs played in the greenwood shade,
Where the aspen leaves were sighing.
Oh! may I rest on the Savior's breast,
When this mortal life is o'er,
With the faces there divinely fair,
That wait on the heavenly shore;
And bask in the light of the spirits bright,
Who have crossed the stormy sea,
In that heavenly home where the sinless roam,
God hath a place for me!

The Man of Steel;

The Masked Knight of the White Plume. A TALE OF LOVE AND TERROR.

BY A. P. MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "FRANZ, THE FRENCH DETECTIVE,"
"BEAUTIFUL SPHINX," "SILVER SER-"BEAUTIFUL SPHINX," "SILVER SPENT," "STAR OF DIAMONDS,"
"FIRE-FIENDS OF CHICAGO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

STORY OF THE APOTHECARY—(CONCLUDED.) WHILE Huo St. Liege struggled with the hooded sbire who disputed his progress, Corinne had thrown open the door, admitting the emissaries of the dread tribunal.

They filed in, in long gowns, cone-shaped caps, and force ever gleening from the evelets of

and fierce eyes gleaming from the eyelets of their masks. At a glance, they comprehended the meaning of that desperate conflict by the window, and while Huo was on the point of throttling his antagonist, he was seized from behind and dragged backward by powerful

arms. "Ah!" cried one. "It is Huo St. Liege! The very man we want!"
"And what do you want of me?" fearlessly

demanded the prisoner.

The leader of the sbires addressed Corinne:

"Come, Corinne, the Inquisition wants you "Me!" she screamed. "Wants me! No—no! I have done nothing!" and fell on her knees, clasping her hands outstretched in an attitude

of terror. "Sorceress!" exclaimed Huo. "You are "What has she been doing, to your knowledge?" interrogated the deep-voiced figure.
"Mark that she has cast an iron brand upon the hearth," answered the young man, quickly.
"I entered here a few moments since, in time to prevent her burning out the eyes of Marie de

Herrera!"

"Marie de Herrera!" repeated the leader,
peculiarly. "Where is she now?"

"That is for you to discover."

"Come with us, Corinne; for thou art indeed
a witch!"

"Mercy! I am no witch!" shrieked the misc-

As well appeal to stone images. Her wails and groanings were lost upon men who knew no law but the demands of the Inquisition. They dragged her forth to the hearse-like vehicle in rable woman waiting

"At last we are to die together! That will some satisfaction to me!" she hissed into be some satisfaction to me!" she hissed in Huo's ear. He walked bravely out between his captors.

"What else could I have done, Mr. Armory? If it had not been for my singing I should have lost my senses. What could I have done other than I did do, situated as I was? Papa is hard

Magreeably to hints which Beppo, captain of the sbires, had received from the Grand Inquisitor, that grim personage called next morning at the mansion of Manuel de Herrera.

On the outside he was met by one of his zealous spies who had been near the mansion since shortly after midnight.

shortly after midnight.

Enriquez had discovered this spy, and, as has been shown, suspecting the connivance of the Inquisition, he was providentially enabled to warn Marie and prevent her stepping into a net which, he rightly guessed, was intended for both father and daughter.

Cuerpo of Toledo, mentioned as sitting at the right had of the Create Inquisition in the

Cuerpo of Toledo, mentioned as sitting at the right hand of the Grand Inquisitor, in the pavilion, had been a suitor for Manuel de Herrera's lovely child. Being notorious for a dissipated character and brutal temper, it was no wonder that Marie shrunk from his acquaintance with repugnance. Far from relinquishing his designs upon the pure girl—and stimulated by an intense hate for his successful rival, Huo St. Liege—Cuerpo had induced the Grand Inquisitor to join in a league to destroy the old counterparts. Liege—Cuerpo had induced the Grand inquis-tor to join in a league to destroy the old coun-selor and make away with his coveted child. As the spy approached, Beppo accosted him. "Well, what have you new?"

"There has been a murder done."
"Ha! A murder, say you?"
"Step this way." And the spy led him to the "Step this way." And the spy led him to the rear, showing the dead man on the sward and the rope-ladder dangling from the balcony.

"Oh! How long do you suppose this has been laying here?" indicating the body.

"I found it when I first came."

"Give it burial while I make inquiries about it." With this order. Begon proceeded to climb

With this order, Beppo proceeded to climb

Reaching the room above, he discovered Manuel de Herrera lying, prone upon his face, and grasping rigidly in one hand a piece of parch-

ment.

Beppo took the parchment from the clenched fist and read it. It was the warning that Enriquez had cast in the night gone. Then he placed his fingers on the wrist of the prostrate

"Dead!" he mumbled. "His daughter has

"Dead!" he mumbled. "His daughter has been stolen; the shock was too great."
The spy was busy below with the corpse when Beppo rejoined him.
"Finish your task," he said, striding hurriedly away. "I have important news to communicate to his eminence."

Manuel de Herrera had escaped the summons of the Inquisition. His wealth of money and property, however, did not escape.

After a rigorous but fruitless search for Marie—in which none were more ardent than Cuerpo of Toledo—the Inquisition appropriated everything belonging to the old man. The Governor of Seville issued a proclamation offering Marie de Herrera ten days in which to present herself and receive that portion of her father's estate not considered subject as tribute to the rulers of Seville. This Governor was acting under private instructions meant to lure Marie into the power of her enemies. But the object of the proclamation was frustrated.

Safe in the home of Enriquez, whose mother and sister lovingly condoled with her, Marie was kept informed of all that transpired outside. She heard the story of the confiscation calmly, seeming to forget it in the balance with other woes.

On two occasions her enemy had passed the house; once, happening to glance up at the windows, Marie, who was standing there pale and frozen at sight of him, was only saved from recognition by the quick wit of Enriquez's mother, who threw her arms around the neck of her charge and bent to kirch heart the size heart and the second charge and bent to kiss her, thus screening her

Enriquez was absent continuously during the days of Marie's hiding. When he joined them after each nightfall his brow was gloomy and Marie observed the shadow that had settled

Marie observed the shadow that had settled upon him—noticed that he grew more morose each day. At last, being an unintentional listener to some words addressed by her protector to his mother, the truth flashed upon her, and she burst in upon them, crying, distressedly: "Oh, Enriquez! I know the secret, now, of your strange moods. Tell me: where is Huo?—that you are so anxious about him."

It had to be told. Concealment was no longer possible. A few syllables conveyed the sad in

possible. A few syllables conveyed the sad in-telligence of Huo's imprisonment; and thus blow after blow fell upon her, as if, indeed, Heaven itself had at last deserted her. Upon a certain evening—the fourth day fol-lowing that proclamation which was intended

to entrap her—a new spirit seemed to possess the maiden. Her white cheeks changed to a fevered flush, and a sparkle as of old came back to the lustrous eyes. Her poise was firm, her step elastic, and a hard compression of the lips indicated that some great purpose was born within her.

within her.

"My only friend," she said, to Enriquez,
"God has given me an inspiration. I feel that
I can remain no longer idle here. I have a
precious life to save. Huo St. Liege must be
snatched from the Inquisition."

"But—how?" He regarded her in surprise.
"Oh They's a relay."

"But—how?" He regarded her in surprise.
"Oh, I have a plan!"
"You! And what can you do?—who are also threatened with so much."
"You will aid me, if I show you how it can be done at one bold stroke?"

"Ay, with whole soul and muscle."
"Then, good Enriquez, you must procure for me the guise of a Dominican. I am about to leave Seville—going to the throne!—"
"To Charles V.!" he exclaimed. "Ah! poor girl, you do not know him. Even did you succeed in obtaining a note of intercession for Huo St. Liege, the monarch would dispatch an extra courier countermanding it. He has a wholesome fear of the Inquisition. I see your plan; it will

of no use."
But you do not see at all. I will plead or "But you do not see at all. I will plead on my knees, with tears and prayers, for royal intercession; and mayhap I shall reach Seville in advance of any other message, for I will be courier myself! In my absence you have your part to perform. Is there not money enough between us to invite the coöperation of the Garduna?"

"So, you have heard of the Garduna?"
"Who in this city has not? Now, give ear
for a moment, good Enriquez, while I confide

for a moment, good Enriquez, while I confide my plans to you."

Drawing close to Enriquez, she continued, in an undertone, to unfold the scheme of her brain for the rescue of Huo St. Liege.

What cannot a woman plot?—how cunningly, to rescue a lover from the circle of his foes!

As Enriquez listened, his face brightened. When she had finished a simple detail, he stepped back and surveyed her with admiration.

"Good! Good!" he broke forth, clapping his hands. "Verily, you are an apt plotter in a noble cause. I see. It is feasible. Huo St. Liege may yet be saved. When will you go?"

"This very night."

"This very night."
"So be it. I will procure the disguise. Nobody will suspect Marie de Herrera when looking at the smooth-faced Dominican."

Huo St. Liege, heavily manacled, lay in his

dungeon.

His prospects were dismal enough. That his body was to be sacrificed he had no doubt. The approach of death alone did not alarm him; he was prepared, he believed, to meet his Maker and Judge. But, to be cut off in the prime of manhood, when so much of happiness promised: to realize that Marie, unprotected, must soon fall a prey to ruthless villainy—this was the keen hitterness that lurked in his unfortunet. keen bitterness that lurked in his unfortunate

The ten days had elapsed. The Governor re ported his failure to the Grand Inquisitor, who, enraged at being baffled, set afoot such a sys tem of spies that, had his prey been hiding in a ennel, she would have been unearthed. Fortunately for Marie, she was then far from

from the windows. The building had caught fire from the iron brand which the woman had cast recklessly aside upon the announcement of mission compelled a return, her disappearance might have forever remained a mystery.

70u. As to the last, I pronounce it a lie!"

The Grand Inquisitor started as if stung. A

murmur passed among the audience. Never had culprit dared to utter such a bold retort.

"He denies it"—nodding to the secretaries.

"Finish this mockery briefly!" exclaimed Huo. "I know that my death is decided upon; why waste time in such blasphemous murmery?"

Here a sbire announced: "Your eminence, a courier from the king, on ousiness relating to Huo St. Liege."

"Your eminence, a courier from the king, on business relating to Huo St. Liege."

"Admit him," complacently.
This courier, whose sudden arrival gave new interest to Huo's case, was ushered in. A slight, even girlish figure. He wore a gay jacket and leggings, and short, crisp curls clustered over the pure brow. Skin like the brown olive, eyes of hazel, lips uncommon rich for a boy, and shape of faultless symmetry. Kneeling and doffing his velvet cap till the gaudy plume swept the floor, he waited to be addressed.

"Rise," said his eminence, regarding the youth with a look of strange perplexity. "We are always honored by receipt of any communication from King Charles. What is the nature of the mission?"

The courier made a sign, indicating that he was a mute, and presented a letter from Charles V., bearing the royal seal.

"As I live!" thought the Inquisitor, "I have penetrated the disguise of this masquerading courier. Not all the dyes and furbelows in Spain can hide from my eyes the loveliness of Marie de Herrera! She has been to the king in behalf of her lover. We shall soon know."

Breaking the royal seal, he began reading the missive of vellum. The eyes of the Grand Inquisitor had been sharper than those of the lover. This was the substance of the royal communication:

"Palace of Madrid,

cation:

"PALACE OF MADRID, \"May -, 1534. \"To His Eminence the Grand Inquisitor - Greeting:
"Huo St. Liege, descendant of a worthy counselor of Castile, and whose line under Philip II. were most loyal subjects to both crown and church, is now a prisoner of your office.
"As it is believed that the young man is of special service to us, and not an enemy, it is our earnest.

service to us, and not an enemy, it is our earnest desire that he be acquitted by the tribunal of which your eminence is chief.

CHARLES."

This was a brave epistle. It required great courage to interfere with the Inquisition. King Charles entertained a proportionate fear of the powerful institution which, he well knew, at that time held the whole domain under its iron heel. But history tells that he was a man of genius and intrepidity, and once his sympathies aroused, he would dare dangerous things in a worthy cause, placing both person and thrope vorthy cause, placing both person and throne

The Grand Inquisitor read the letter with evi-

The Grand Inquisitor read the letter with evident displeasure. When he looked up the courier had vanished. Hastily summoning a sbire to his side, he whispered:

"Watch every egress. Set guards everywhere. That messenger must not escape from the palace. When he is caught, advise me."

"My lord! The courier of the king—"

"Pah! Do as I bid you.

Huo St. Liege was led back to his dungeon.

"My lord," said a familiar, as his eminence descended from the presidential chair, "the Master of the Garduna seeks a private audience,"

"I will see him. I cannot afford to slight the

I cannot afford to slight the crazy fellow, or his Order may combine against me, and those guapos are assassins of rare frenzy. Show him in."

renzy. Show him in."

The Inquisitor stepped behind the folds of a curtain, into a convenient alcove. Presently Mandamiento was ushered in.

He stood with folded arms, without removing

his cone-shaped somberco, in an attitude of conscious self-importance. His grotesque accouterments finished off with a long knife protruding from the belt; his mien so combinedly fancy and ugly, placed the beholder in a quandary, whether to laugh or feel serious. Well, Mandamiento, what is your busi-

For once," replied the Master, in a tone of

"Hu St. Liege."
"Ha!" As the Grand Inquisitor uttered the exclamation he took half a dozen quick strides across the alcove.

Mandamiento watched him with mournful

"Look you: if I turn this man over to you, hat becomes of him?"

"He will be extinguished forthwith."
"Are you sure?"
"Can you doubt me?" reproachfully.

"Can you doubt me?" reproachfully.

"Be it so. You shall have Huo St. Liege."

"Ah, but you remove a load from my breast.
To-night, when the lamps are out, there will be a coach near the cathedral on square L'Esplanade. If he can be got into it he will not see the sun rise on Seville."

"Rely upon it, he will be there. But, stay; who was it that paid you to remove this young man?"

'Cuerpo of Toledo.' "That will do. You have my promise. Now, Mandamiento strutted away with comical dignity. As he departed a spy entered with the

'My lord, the courier was seen to leave the palace, riding furiously, and was completely ost sight of."

"Beppo"—it was that personage—"the courier was no other than Marie de Herrera. Could you not penetrate the disguise?"

"Nay—I never dreamed it."

"Where is Cuerpo of Toledo?"
"In his cups: or, as the vulgar say, 'quite

"Send out your best spies. Marie de Herrera is in Seville. If you fail to find her, I shall deem you and your officers a pack of asses. The Grand Inquisitor seated himself to address the following to Charles V.:

"PALACE OF THE INQUISITION, "SEVILLE, May —, 1534."

"It is regretted that your messenger did not arrive sooner. Huo St. Liege was honorably acquited; but we understand that he fell into the hands the Garduna—of whose atroctites you may have eard—and has disappeared entirely. It would have eard our pleasure to give the unfortunate young an safe conduct from Seville.

"To Charles, King of Spain." ARBUES."

with a face as stern with a fa

"Treachery!" hissed the Grand Inquisitor, clenching his fists in a rage.

The next moment he had summoned a score of officers, to whom he gave hurried instructions, sending them to square l'Esplanade.

But—too late!

A black-looking coach was standing near the cathedral, with the driver on top, ready to start upon an instant's warning. A little apart were two savage-looking guapos, with sable cloaks wound tight around their shoulders.

Soon a second coach appeared. Two sbires dismounted, dragging with them the form of a man pinioned and gagged.

The guapos advanced to the new-comers and asked:

asked:

"Is this the body we are looking for?"

"Yes. Make short work of it."

The two laid hold upon the helpless prisoner and bore him to the waiting coach. Into this they thrust him, giving him, at the same time, several merciless cuffs, and banged the door shut. At a signal, the driver whipped his horses into a mad gallop.

"He is dead by this time," said one of the guapos, intending his words for the ears of the sbires who watched the fast-receding vehicle.

Imagine the surprise of the prisoner when

Imagine the surprise of the prisoner when, finding himself shut up in the coach and fully expecting death, a knife severed his bonds and a rapid hand took the gag from his mouth. A pair of arms wound round his neck and a sweet voice murroused:

voice murmured:
"At last! At last! Huo!—my beloved!"
His senses reeled. Then he stretched forth his free arms and drew the precious form to his

breast.
"Marie! I dream!" he exclaimed, brokenly,
"To what miracle of Heaven do I owe this de "Saved by the woman you love, assisted by the Garduna!" spoke a third voice—Enriquez.
"And did not you aid, also?" reminded a fourth—Yva.

fourth—Yva.

The letter from Charles V. was but part of the plan formed by the courageous maiden. Satisfied that the Grand Inquisitor was resolved upon the destruction of Huo St. Liege, and would readily avail himself of an opportunity to thwart the good purpose of the monarch, Mandamiento had been easily bribed to utter the falsehood which persuaded his eminence to give over Huo to the supposed vengeance of the Garduna.

Garduna.

Huo and Marie, accompanied by Enriquez and Yva, fled to Germany. Both pair, all warmly attached, were duly wedded.

Corinne Bonville, the Frenchwoman, perished in the dungeons of the Inquisition while undergoing extreme and most horrid tortures.

THE VOICE OF SERGEANT KILLER.
WE now return to the characters of our story proper, making their way by that underground bassage from Castle de Cosgnac, under the Seine, ward the chapel a short distance from St.

By the time Paschal Broeck had concluded his narrative—given in language far different from what the reader has perused—they were moving amid the deep recesses and ghostly cells of the

Perrue, the mulatto, had clasped his fingers Ferrue, the mulatto, had clasped his hingers around a cord which he picked up from the flinty floor, allowing it to slide through his hold as he walked; the string being a guide, without which they might have become hopelessly lost.

"Well, Paschal Broeck," said Latour, "we have listened attentively to your narrative.

have listened attentively to your narrative. You have told us of a certain Huo St. Liege, his bride, Marie, and a Frenchwoman named Corinne Bonville, who was put to death by torture in the dungeons of the Inquisition. Now what has all this to do with your hate for Poilet St. Liege, the scoundrel who has dared to cast his evil eyes upon my dear Pearline?"

They were in a cavernous chamber having several passages leading off from it. To one of these the guiding-cord stretched. But Perrue paused, as if awaiting further instructions from his master.

"For once," replied the Master, in a tone of ludicrous sorrow, "the brothers of the Garduna are unhappy."

"And what have I to do with it?"

"We have done many deeds for your eminence—receiving our pay with a clear conscience. I am come to ask a favor."

"Name it."

"Three weeks ago we received a sum of money was paid in good faith, and we promised to perform our task. But it has pleased the Inquisition to seize upon the one whose life, of right, belongs to us. We are, therefore, traitors to our promise."

"Huo St. Liege."

"Hau" As the Grand Inquisitor uttaved the "For once," replied the Master, in a tone of ludicrous sorrow, "the brothers of the Garduna are unhappy."

The apothecary halted and turned. He drew himself erect, extended his arms high and outward, till the sleeves of his gown drooped, ike two full-spread bat-wings. He clenched his master.

"Balzes of flame!" he fairly snarled. "The blood of Huo and Marie St. Liege flows in the veins of Poilet St. Liege! Corinne was descended from Castor Bouville. So am I. My true name is Hurol Bonville. When the Frenchwoman died her terrible death in the dungeon of the Inquisition, the surviving Bonvilles swore an oath of extermination against the females. an oath of extermination against the male descendants of St. Liege—not against the females, for their names might be changed by marriage; and to wipe the name of St. Liege forever from the face of creation—or that portion of it handed down direct from the Spanish fugitives—was the object of the oath! For two centuries the daggers of Bonville and St. Liege have been dyed in the blood of their owners! Poilet St. Liege is the last male of that house. But for a St. Liege, Corinne would never have died in a dungeon! I have sworn to have the life of Poilet St. Liege! Ha! ha! Vendetta! Ha! ha!" And shaking from head to foot with consuming passion, Paschal Broeck abruptly resumed his walk, motioning Perrue to follow the cord. But he continued to mutter, in an undertone: "I have said that Poilet St. Liege was the last—the last male, yes. But there is another of same blood who does not inherit the hated name. A female. For years I have hunted her trail, since losing sight of her mother in Germany. Let me find her, and more money flows into the coffers of Paschal Broeck!"

In a brief space the apothecary led them through a narrow aporture, and storyed within

of Paschal Broeck!"

In a brief space the apothecary led them through a narrow aperture, and stopped within what was evidently a vault. Upon all sides were those square, sealed plates, in tiers, denoting the concealment of coffins, and notwithstanding the strong seals, a nauseous odor of putrefied flesh filled the close atmosphere of the place.

At one side a short, narrow ladder leaned against the wall; at the top of the ladder a broad slab fitted to a supporting rim.
"We must be quick, or this poisonous air will overpower us. Haste." verpower us. Haste." He ascended the ladder and pushed aside the

slab.

"Let Mademoiselle Pearline go first," he said, descending, "for the ladder will not permit two to pass at the same time."

Pearline obeyed, reaching and stepping out upon the chapel floor.

"Now, madame—you. Let me assist you with that casket. It appears to cumber you. When you are safely up, I may hand it to you."

you."
In order to manage her skirts, and without thinking how unwise the act, she handed him the valuable casket and followed Pearline. The apothecary could hardly smother a shout to adopt this conclusion. In a white, sullen rage

years.

Years.

"I watched my chance and effected my escape. I came here at once, I learned that my

At the first intimation of discovery, the apo-

the cary cried:
"Out with that light, Perrue! Blazes! we are trapped!" making signs to the deaf mute which meant the words he uttered.

He snatched the ladder away from the wall, and with it and just as Parrie extinguished the and with it—and just as Perrue extinguished the two lamps—he vanished through the narrow aperture by which they had entered the vault. "Thou devil-alchemist! Halt, there! Dog of a traitor!—where are you?" called Latour, standing alone and dismayed in the darkness.

The only answer was a dull trample and thud of feet overhead.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 454.)

THE DISCONTENTED PLOW-BOY

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW

A Norman youth, at burning noon
Departed from the sultry glade,
And, in the cool, sequester'd shade,
Enjoyed good Nature's grateful boon.
A streamlet wander'd through the wood,
On whose green banks the plow-boy lay,
Enshrouded from the face of day,
And gazing on the purling flood.

At length the youth began to dream
Of life's delusive hopes and joys
That float away like fairy toys,
Or leaves upon the flowing stream.
'And yet," cried he, "to save that life,
Unceasing labor must I share;
Few are the hours I have to spare,
From hard misfortune's fruitless strife.

'Why must I toil, in dirty clay,
Through piercing cold and scorching heat,
That I may live to find deceit
In all the hopes I have to-day?"
'Why thus repine?" a voice replied,
But, whose it was he did not know,
For, to the rippling waves below.
His eyes and thoughts were all applied.

"Your labor makes your slumber sweet,
And sleepless nights are seldom yours,
While Somnus, oft, in vain allures
The king's resisting lids to mee'.
Although your food is poor in kind,
Your labor brings you appetite,
That Wealth and Ease in vain invite,
And pamper'd Folly fails to find.

"And you enjoyed your life, till now,
Though toiling for a paltry wage;
So take advice from one that's sage,
And still pursue your humble plow.
But, if, in spite of words 1 say.
You still desire a change of fate,
Declare the captivating state
You wish for, and 'tis yours to-day."

"Then condescend, whoe'er thou art,
(And I shall ne'er again complain)
To make me lord of this domain!"
The rustic prayed, with earnest heart.
"Oh! for sweet Pleasure's mazy round,
Bright Fashion's halls, and Beauty's smiles!
Oh! for the shores of distant isles,
Where all the joys of wealth are found.

"Pray, let me leave my wisp of straw,
And sleep on yonder couch of down;
And let some more contented clown
Support the burden I must draw!"
The owner of those feudal grounds,
Likewise, complain'd of Fate's decree,
And, bent with age, he wish'd to be
An active youth, though serving hounds.

Now. Fortune—for it was the voice
Of that blind Deity he heard—
With smiling face, straightway conferr'd
On both, the boons that were their choice.
Whate'er can, now, delight the sense—
Luxuriant dishes, fragrant wines,
And sweetest music, while he dines,
He now enjoys, nor minds expense.

But ah! what doth his wealth avail? For, now, his joys are, surely, few;
His gouty limbs are palsied, too,
And all the foes of age assail!
To years of life he bids adieu,
For hours of sparkling pain and care—
No he does not, for, in despair,
He thus to Fortune prays anew:

"Oh, Fortune! hearken once again, And let me plow the turf once m

And let me plow the turf once more; I thought I opened Pleasure's door, But find, alas! I came to Pain. No more shall I let fancies blind Withdraw my heart from rural joys, Which Discontent too oft destroys, When wisdom fails to rule the mind.

"Ah! Fortune, please, repress thy frowns
And place me in my native home,
And I shall seek no lordly dome.
Nor even envy kings their crowns!
Thrice happy he, to whom is known
The wealth that flows from sweet content,
Whose days, in Virtue's ways, are spent.
Who seeks no station save his own!"

Now, pester'd Fortune does not deem
Refusal right; so, thus, commands:
"Restore his title, gold and lands
To that poer wretch that drives your team.
And, instantly, she made the change,
Whereby they both regained their own;
Nor were their hearts thereafter, prone
To sigh for states and places strange. Those souls are truly wise that clasp
Their earthly birthright, and despise
Some bliss poor mortals often prize,
Because it lies beyond their grasp.
For, though there is no station known,
Entirely free from pain and cere,
That breast contains the smallest share
Which lives in Hope and bears its own.

Equality Eph,

The Outlaw of the Chaparral; SPORT AND PERIL IN TEXAS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR. AUTHOR OF "HAPPY JACK AND PARD," "THE CALIFORNIANS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII. THE TRAP SPRUNG.

THE TRAP SPRUNG.

THE day had fairly dawned before any of the occupants of Black Swamp Island so much as suspected the significant changes that had taken place in their very midst. Nor would they even then had not one of their number, as he slouched idly past the cabin in which the prisoners had been confined, noticed a dark blood-stain upon the slab-door. From this came the investigation that threw the entire camp into an upone.

oar.

The prison had no other occupant than one lead man. The prisoners were gone. Whither? who had aided them? for without such assistation and part I have played of late years, as an avenger.

"It has long been believed that the Kiowas and burned my ranch, and that all of dead man. The prisoners were gone. Without such assistance they could not possibly have escaped.

These were the questions the Chaparral Wolf asked. He was not left long in suspense. Upon the soft mud where the fugitives had entered the dug-out, their footprints were too clear not to be easily read. And word was passed around that Missouri Belle had released the prisoners, and had accompanied them in their flight.

Equality Eph seemed fairly stunned by this discovery. He could sooner have doubted him self than the fidelity of the girl whom he had taught to call him father.

"Could it be that she contrived to eavesdrop us, last night?" muttered Overton. "If so—if she heard all you confessed, that would account for her deserting you to try and save her brother."

Levi Bernard Molf attacked and burned my ranch, and that all of the occupants were murdered and their bodies consumed in the flames. But three persons escaped. Wy oldest son was absent on a visit; my youngest daughter was rescued from death by one of the men who followed the lead of this carrion—Equality Eph as he was last known. I was the third person. The bones that were buried for mine was a traveler who put up with us for the night.

"I escaped; but how, I never knew. I rember the alarm, remember a great crash upon my head, and that is all. When I awoke to life again, it was over twelve years later! I was among the Kiowas, a lunatic, all these years.

Seville; and had it not been that the duty of her mission compelled a return, her disappearance might have forever remained a mystery.

The trial (?) came. A day as sullen in aspect as the tribunal before which the cavalier was to be tried.

St. Liege, guarded on either side by armed shrew, was conducted into the hall. The Grand Inquisitor was seated in his presidential chair, with a face as stern as he might without betraying his natural malignance, several were there, being tried by turns and condemned.

How was led forward to the semicircular table, where he was left standing before a volume of the Gospel and a sable crucifix.

Having sealed and dispatched this by special courier, he sunk back in his chair, laughing:

"There! Let us measure weapons, King Charles! Ha! ha!"

Late that same evening the Grand Inquisitor was gardens, soothing away his rittations of the day beneath the bathing monolight and balmy odor of flowers. A favorite Dominican usually accompanied him in these nightly walks, but on this occasion he was alone.

Now, Mousieur Latour—you."

A bright glare of light poured down from the ladder, a startling thing occurred.

A bright glare of light poured down from the hapel above; two mingled and piercing shrieks monolight and balmy odor of flowers. A favorite Dominican usually accompanied him in these arch. "Only for the arguments of Colonel Overton, thapel above; two mingled and piercing shrieks monolight and balmy odor of flowers. A favorite Dominican usually accompanied him in the search. "Bring her in alive," he said, "and the others, also, if possible. But never leave the trail until work here in alive," he said, "and the others, also, if possible. But never leave the trail until about he hall. The Grand Inquisitor was seated in his presidential chair, with a face as stern as he might without betraying his natural malignance,

Several were there, being tried by turns and condemned.

How was led forward to the semicircular the covered treasure.

"Sow, Mousieur Latour—you."

A bright favorite

heir ill-success.

Overton seemed in high glee as their party, wenty in number, rode forth from the Swamp and struck out across the open prairie for the rendezvous. He rode between the Chaparral Wolf and Minnie Lamb. The former was sul-len, apprehensive; the latter pale, care-worn and

ent. Suddenly Overton drew rein, rising high in his stirrups, peering keenly ahead.
"I caught a glimpse of a human head," he explained. "It ducked down in the grass, yender. It may be your fugitives, Wolf. Let your

men spread out—"
Equality Eph did not wait for the conclusion of these orders. The suggestion seemed to set him all afire. With a motion of his hand he caused his men to spread out in a semicircle, while he and Overton dashed directly ahead.

The watchful very of the highest part of the life o The watchful eyes of the half-breed had not deceived him. As he drew near the marked spot, a wild-looking figure arose from the tall

spot, a wild-looking figure arose from the tall grass, and, screaming shrilly, leveled a long musket at his head!

The weapon exploded when he was not ten yards away. Overton fell back upon the haunch of his horse, while the wild figure before him was hurled end-over-end by the viciously-licking musket.

him was hurled end-over-end by the viciously-kicking musket.

Equality Eph stared in mute amazement, for they saw that this scarecrow-like being was a woman! Nor was their surprise lessened when Overton, hatless, but unharmed by the tremendous charge of buckshot, dashed forward, and stooping, raised the woman to her feet with a choking laugh. As he did so, a man uprose from the tall grass and struck at him, but feebly, and with his left hand. Minnie Lamb added her mite by riding forward and facing the outlaws as though she would protect the two wayfarers.

"You owe me a hat, good Nancy," laughed Overton, as he gave his captive a gentle shake in order to settle her clothes properly about her. "But I'll forgive you, seeing my brain-pan is still whole."

"Oh, you Hector Lamb!" gasped Mistress
Nancy, tenderly caressing her battered nose.
"Wait till your arm get's well! I b'lieve you loaded that pesky musket to shoot out back'ards

loaded that pesky musket to shoot out back'ards—vou pizen critter!"

For a few minutes all was confusion, but at last the matter was made clear. The two Lambs had had anything but a felicitous time since we saw them last. Outridden by the Rangers, they still endeavored to keep upon their track, but in the darkness the mule ridden by Hector fell, and broke its rider's right arm, rolling clear over the luckless settler. For hours he lay like one dead, and Nancy, while seeking to restore him, allowed the mules to escape her. When Hector did recover his senses, he could not arise, and here they were forced to remain ever since. What the result would have been, had not the Wolves stumbled upon them, can only be conjectured. Nancy recognized Minnie a prisoner, and forgetting all else, she sought to avenge their wrongs and sufferings upon Colonel Overtheir wrongs and sufferings upon Colonel Over-

The half-breed appeared to bear them no The half-breed appeared to bear them no malice, for though first disarming them, he caused two of the Wolves to "double up," thus giving the Lambs a mount. This effected, progress was resumed, Overton regulating their pace so as to reach Buffalo Hump at twilight.

When within a few hundred yards of the mound, he bade the party hold their places while he advanced to reconnoiter. He ran lightly up the hill and disappeared from view. A minute later a small ball of fire shot up above the tree-tops, and then Overton returned.

"All is well," he said, addressing Equality Eph. "I saw my man and the Marvins waiting upon the prairie beyond for my signal. They will be at the top nearly as soon as we are. Come! but remember my instructions."

The Chaparral Wolf growled an as ent. He was still troubled by the defection of Missouri Belle, and there was an ugly presentiment of coming evil troubling him.

Overton led the way up the hill and into the little glade that crowned the Buffalo Hump. There was a grim smile upon his hard-set feature as he cast a swift dance around upon the

fittle grade that crowned the burnal hump. There was a grim smile upon his hard-set features as he cast a swift glance around upon the circle of trees and bushes. If there was an ambush, no ordinary eye could distinguish the

At nearly the same moment the Marvins en-At nearly the same moment the Marvins entered the glade from the opposite side. Their agitation was plainly visible, but before the question which trembled upon their lips could find utterance, Colonel Overton stepped to the side of Equality Eph, and clutching his throat with a vise-like gripe, thrust a cocked revolver against his temple. with a vise-like gragainst his temple.

against his temple.

"At the first motion you die the death of a dog!" he cried, sternly. "Advance, Captain Conway, and secure your prisoners!"

"Surrender all!" uttered a commanding voice, and Dashing Ned sprung into the opening. "You are surrounded. The slightest show of resistance will be the signal for my men to fire!"

A circle of stern-browed Rangers inclosed the astounded party; their rifles were cocked and leveled. Even the most desperate of the outlaws saw that they must submit or die. And with one accord they raised their hands above their heads in token of submission. "You have sold us, curse you!" hissed Equal-ity Eph, making a desperate effort to escape his captor.

captor.

The attempt was fatal. In the struggle a pistol exploded and the notorious outlaw fell dead, shot through the brain.

This was the sole casualty. The Wolves were disarmed and pinioned securely. Then Minnie was presented to the Marvins as their long-lost child. But another surprise was in store. With trembling fingers the old man slipped up her right sleeve. The round arm showed pure and white. The disappointed parent turned aside with a bitter groan.

white. The disappointed parent turned aside with a bitter groan.
"This is not our child! Our Julia has a deep scar of a burn upon her right arm."
"I can tell you," cried Nancy Lamb, excitedly. "She is the child of the murdered Isaac Turnerd."

And I am Isaac Howard!" came a deep

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"CHANGE PARTNERS!"

"YES, I am indeed Isaac Howard, the man whom all the world—save one faithful friend—has considered dead for sixteen years!" resumed the man who had played the part of Colonel Overton. "The story is a long and painful one but it must be told in order to explain and justify the part I have played of late years, as an avener. CHAPTER XXXIII.

whole family had been murdered. Those whom I questioned could tell me nothing of my son Kirke, nor could I find the family with whom he

Kirke, nor could I find the family with whom he had been visiting.

"Then I gave my life over to one object; that of revenge. It would be too long were I to tell you how I managed to strike the right trail. Enough that I did, at last, and that I marked out every man of the midnight assassins for death. I was greatly aided by my one friend—Double Dan—"
"That's me an' my twin brother!" came the queer double voice of the scout, as he entered the glade, followed by three other persons.

"You here! where did you leave your prisoner?"

"Safe an' sound—tied up like a pig in a pack!" grinned Double Dan. "I done fetched some folks to see ye. Miss Missoury Belle, Mister Mark Bird an' Kirke Howard, esquire—make ye known to Double Sight the Death Shot, or

ye known to Double Sight the Death Shot, or Jedge—"

"Stop, friend," interposed the Death Shot.
"Let me finish my explanation, first. I will be as brief as possible. I made use of many disguises in my work, and being a fair ventriloquist, a dabbler in chemistry, as well, I managed to get up a very respectable mystery. I procured me a very fine air-pistol, of long range but small bore, and it aided me not a little. The wounds made by its balls were so small that only a close investigation could discern what had dealt the fatal blow. I only used this when I wished to entirely escape observation.

"Not until last year did I suspect that I had a daughter living. Some words that Colonel Overton dropped gave me the clew. Until quite recently I believed that the young lady known as Missouri Belle was my child; and Equality Eph believed it to his death. But in this he was deceived by his fellow criminal, Overton. He it was who stole your child and burned your house, Mr. Marvin. He brought your child to Kansas and there gave her to Mr. and Mrs. Lamb."

"And now it's my turn," interposed Mistress Nancy. "You shet up. Hector Lamb! I'm

Lamb."

"And now it's my turn," interposed Mistress Nancy. "You shet up, Hector Lamb! Fm goin' to tell everythin' I know. These folks'll know how to make 'lowances fer people what was starvin' to death."

And Nancy did tell. How Overton bribed them to keep Mr. Marvin's child and raise it as her own. How they wandered to Texas. Then came a hard time. They were literally starving. Too proud to beg, one dark night they sallied out to their nearest neighbor's, and using an ax, Hector Lamb killed two fattening hogs. They were caught at this work by Overton and another man, and they fled, leaving their ax beanother man, and they fled, leaving their ax be

That same night the Howard ranch was burn-That same night the Howard ranch was burned. And just before dawn Overton came to them, bearing a little girl, which he wished them to exchange for the other child. They demurred, but he threatened them with exposure as hog-thieves. They begged for time, for they had learned to love the child dearly. That they had learned to love the child dearly. That same morning the report spread that the neighbor whom they had attempted to rob, was found dead in his bed, slain by the stroke of an ax. And Overton threatened to swear the crime upon them unless they agreed to perform his will in every particular. Though this murder was almost lost sight of in the wild excitement which followed the Howard tragedy, the Lambs knew that it would require but a word to set the mob upon them.

knew that it would require but a word to set the mob upon them.

"We couldn't do nothin'. He had the ax we used to kill the hogs with. He said he'd sw'ar he see us comin' out o' the man's house, in the night. So we could only give way to his will.

"He told us that in a few days a man would call for the child, an' told us how we might know he was the right one. Ontel he did come, we might keep the young 'un mighty close, so nobody 'd ever see it. He made us change thar clothes, an' sw'ar to pass off our real Minnie fer tother, an' the man who axed fer it. We did jist as he said. A week a'terwards, the man come. He give us the sign that showed he was the right person. An' when he went away, he took the child with him."

The Death Shot quietly led the two maidens forward, and spoke to Nancy Lamb.

"Are these the two children you have spoken of?"

of?"

"I kin sw'ar to this one," said the woman, drawing Minnie to her side. "She is the one Overton brung last; the one I 'most kin sw'ar is the daughter of Isaac Howard. As fer t'other, ef she is the baby I 'tended fer better'n two years, she's got a bad scar on her right arm, above the elbow."

With a wondering cry, Missouri Belle pushed up her sleeve. Even in the gathering gloom the

registrates a could be distinguished.

There was a sobbing cry—and Mrs. Marvin fell upon the neck of her long-lost daughter, while the trembling arms of the husband and father encircled them both.

father encircled them both.

Respecting their emotions, the remainder of the party withdrew to a little distance, when the Death Shot resumed his interrupted story.

There is no particular necessity for us to follow his explanations step by step. A word or two concerning those points which have been more particularly brought before the reader must suffice.

must suffice.

From the hour in which his suspicions were aroused that his daughter lived, Isaac Howard never lost sight of his prey. Day and night he dogged them, unable to rest until he learned the truth. He it was that rescued Equality Eph, when that scoundrel was precipitated upon the bull's back in the circus ring, because he would not that his enemy should die with his secret untold. He it was that dogged the spy to the outlaws' quarters that same night, and cut short his report with a shot from his air-pistol through the barred window. He also shot the

outlaws' quarters that same night, and cut short his report with a shot from his air-pistol through the barred window. He also shot the faro dealer, and James Brown, the convicted traitor. These three men were of those who had murdered his family, years before.

He visited Equality Eph at Black Swamp, intending to play the role of Colonel Overton, but the Wolf, suddenly aroused from a troubled sleep, gave a yell of alarm, and to save his own life Howard was obliged to strike him down. As he fled for safety, he grasped Missouri Belle, not knowing who she was, at the time.

As the reader knows, Overton, believing his shot fatal, plunged into the water to rescue the girl. Instead, he was grappled by both Double Dan and Howard. In the struggle that ensued, Overton was stabbed and choked senseless. A single word set Double Dan to work; and while Howard rescued Missouri Belle, his friend was dragging Overton through the swamp to where the trusty black horse was tethered.

How boldly the Death Shot played his assumed part, how completely he averted all suspicion, have been shown. From what Double Dan had heard when spying upon the real Overton, added to the notes in the captured memorandum-book, it was easy for the Death Shot to deceive the Chaparral Wolf.

Double Dan, while hiding with his prisoner in the swamp, overheard the stormy scene between Missouri Belle and the cousins, and watching his chance, made himself known to them, and told them a portion of what was in the wind. As a natural result, it was decided that they should proceed to the Buffalo Hump.

With a few brief remarks, our story proper is ended. The maiden whom we have known thus far as Minnie Lamb was recognized as the daughter of Isaac Howard, and the sister of Kirke. That she was half smothered with caresses may readily be imagined. Nor was Mark Bird at all backward in claiming his share, as a cousin. Dashing Ned added his congratulations, but Minnie noted, with a sharp pang, that he was far more deeply interested in her whom we have known as Missouri Belle. The warm glow in his fine eyes, betrayed by the crackling camp-fire, she could not mistake.

The situation was a peculiar one. Minnie loved Dashing Ned; he loved Missouri Belle, as did Kirke Howard, also; Missouri Belle loved Mark Bird, while he had eyes only for his cousin Minnie.

anew. Partners were changed, and at least four of the players were completely satisfied. Within the same month, there were weddings in Texas and in Missouri. Dashing Ned settled down as a farmer and stock-raiser, in the latter State, and "Missouri Belle" presides over his growing household. In Texas the old ranch was rebuilt, and Minnie consented to make Mark Bird happy. As for Kirke, he lives with them, a confirmed old bachelor. He has never forgotten his first love, and he will carry her image with him to the grave.

flame—and he hears the faint crackling as the seppent-tongued flames lick up the dry grass, winding in and out through the only too readily ignited fagots.

A wee little woman was the wife of the borderer, but as dauntless in courage as the bold woices in the triumphant scalp-song, and as the bright flames shoot higher and higher, the days when the clan first became known.

A wee little woman was the wife of the drys when the clan first became known.

When the tidings came that Johnnie Armstrong languished in jail, and within a week his fiery prison in mad glee.

From that momenth is nerves become steeled.

He knows that death is inevitable, but he will rob his destroyers of their choicest morsel of reanew. Partners were changed, and at least four of the players were completely satisfied. Within the same month, there were weddings in Texas and in Missouri. Dashing Ned settled down as a farmer and stock-raiser, in the latter State, and "Missouri Belle" presides over his growing household. In Texas the old ranch was rebuilt, and Minnie consented to make Mark Bird happy. As for Kirke, he lives with them, a confirmed old bachelor. He has never forgotten his first love, and he will carry her image with him to the grave.

Double Dan is still alive, and nearly as swiftfooted as ever. When he and his "twinbrother" go under, there will be more than one mourning household in Texas.

That same night, after the general explana-ion and "clearing up," Isaac Howard and Jouble Dan mounted and rode rapidly toward Black Swamp. They reached the place where Colonel Overton had been confined, but it was empty! By some means he had slipped his bonds, and mounting the famous black stallion, had fled for his life. But though for years his fate was a mystery to the whites, the truth came out at last.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HUNTED DOWN.

A BLACK stallion is running low and swift beneath the blazing noonday sun. Its silken coat is stained with sweat, with foam and with blood—blood not all its own. The rider upon its back is wounded, though he scarcely feels the smart. He turns his head and glances to the rear. A grating curse parts his lips. The hunted light in his snake-like eyes grows deeper, his face seems thinner and more haggard.

Yet far away, but hanging upon his trail like human bloodhounds, ride a full score of vindictive warriors, armed with lance and rifle, with paint upon their faces and blood in their eyes. They have marked their prey and the chase will end only in death.

end only in death.

The fugitive turns to his noble horse. He tightens the reins, strokes the dripping neck, speaks encouragingly in the small, pointed ear. The stallion tosses his proud head and answers the call. For a minute his mighty muscles play like exquisitely-tempered steel springs. Space is devoured. Rod after rod is flung behind him in those deer-like leaps. And the thin lips of the fugitive curl away from his pointed teeth, as he casts an exultant glance back at his pursuers. He begins to taste the sweets of freedom and renewed hope.

Again the black stallion tosses its head. It utters a low husky whimper. It cannot breathe

Again the black station tosses its nead. It utters a low, husky whimper. It cannot breathe freely. A cruel cord seems tightening around its throat. It turns its head as though to ask its rider the meaning of this strange spell that cramps its limbs and oppresses its lungs.

cramps its limbs and oppresses its lungs.

The only answer is a curse, as the hunted man drives his heels into the steaming flanks. He well knows the reason; and so does the bloodhounds upon the trail. The bending grass-blades are spotted here and there with crimson blotches. They know that the end is near. And with exultant yells they urge their laboring roughts on

And with exultant yells they urge their laboring ponies on.

The fugitive is Turn-over, the half-breed; the pursuers are Whirlwind and his Kiowa braves. Since early dawn the chase has lasted. There was one rapid volley as the half-breed swept past their covert. The Kiowas set out in hot pursuit, nothing discouraged by the ease and rapidity with which the black stallion distanced them at first. They mark the scarlet trail, and know that those frothy drops came from near the seat of life. And as the hours pass on, they gain, slowly but surely upon their victim.

The nature of the ground is changing. Turnover rises in his stirrups and casts a swift glance ahead. The level plain becomes broken and more difficult. There is scattered timber ahead of him. He urges his panting steed up the as-

of him. He urges his panting steed up the ascent, then glances back. The Kiowas are spreading out in a semicircle, as though to cut him off should he attempt to deviate from a direct course. Why should they expect him to offer them this advantage? Surely the trail is even in front?

open in front?

The timber is scattered in groups of two and three trees. Any one of them would afford a good chance for a fight for life, if only he was armed. A revolver—even a knife would be worth a fortune, now!

Straight agross the plateau rides the fugitive

worth a fortune, now!

Straight across the plateau rides the fugitive. He dare choose no other course. The Indians are too near his heels. Right ahead is a thick clump of timber. Beyond this the ground rises, wild and breken, covered with huge mass es of rock. The eyes of the hunted man glisten Once there he surely can find a hiding-place so

secure that not even such human bloodhounds can ferret him out.

Thinking thus, he urges his failing horse on—riding straight to his doom!

He plunges through the timber, then wrenches in his horse with a furious curse. Right at his feet lies a frightful abyss, five hundred feet in dooth, the perpendicular sides hyistling with his feet lies a frightful abyss, five hundred feet in depth, the perpendicular sides bristling with sharp points and angles. The chasm is full five and twenty feet in width. The rocks rise abruptly upon the further side. There is scarcely foothold for a horse after such a leap. But the exultant yells of his bloodthirsty pursuers are ringing in his ears. Unarmed, certain death awaits him; there is just a chance by attempting the frightful leap.

ringing in his ears. Unarmed, certain death awaits him; there is just a chance by attempting the frightful leap.

He urges his horse to the brink, but it refuses the leap. It seems to know that its weakened powers are unequal to the task.

Not yet does Overton despair. He leaps to the ground, flings his coat over the stallion's eyes, then runs him forward and over the brink. End over end the poor brute falls, until the jagged rocks below grant him a merciful death. Overton dares not wait to see the result. His enemies are too near. He runs lightly along the edge of the chasm until he reaches a long hollow log that lies rotting upon the ground. Into this he crowds his body. The chance is indeed a faint one; but there is none other.

The Kiowas burst through the timber, expecting to seize their prey, for right well they knew what a formidable barrier lay in the course of his flight. And as he lies in his close prison, Turn-over hears their cries and exclamations of wondering disappointment. He can see them clustering around the fresh hoof-prints. He can see them peering down into the vast depth, and his heart grows sick as he fears they will discover his deception. He closes his eyes as Whirlwind glances toward his covert. He fears lest their glitter may betray him. But as the chief speaks, fresh hope springs up in his heart.

"Turn-over is laughing at the Kiowas. He

the chief speaks, fresh hope springs up in his heart.

"Turn-over is laughing at the Kiowas. He has leaped his horse over, and is now far away. But his scalp shall blacken in the smoke of Whirlwind's lodge—I have sworn it!"

"We will find his trail upon the other side, and run him down. His big horse is badly wounded. The coyotes will crack his bones before the sun goes down. Let us go!"

"There is time enough. Our ponies are weary and need food and rest. We will wait here, and est. I am hungry. See! yonder lies a dry log. It will make a good fire!"

The heart of the half-breed grows sick. He knows now that his place of refuge had been

The heart of the half-breed grows sick. He knows now that his place of refuge had been discovered. Unarmed, nothing but death awaits him. He will be dragged forth and ruthlessly butchered—perhaps after cruel tortures. He almost envies the fate of his poor horse.

Even in that moment he wondered that he should find it so hard to resign himself to death. He had so often laughed at it—so often dared it face to face, through pure recklessness. But then he was armed. He could return blow for blow. That made all the difference.

He peered forth from his refuge. Whirlwind and three stout braves stood with ready weapons, though in seeming carelessness, before him. The other braves are bringing dried sticks and grass and piling them upon the log. He hears the clicking of flint and steel, and the sound sends a sickening thrill through his heart. Those sounds are to him what fastening down the coffin-lid must be to one lying in a deathdid Kirke Howard, also; Missouri Belle loved Mark Bird, while he had eyes only for his cousin Minnie.

But "time works wonders," and it assuredly did in this case. Before a year had rolled by, the cards in Love's pack were shuffled and dealt to the encions of this time. He can tell when these are blown into a trough the border folks there was no very great harm the sound sends a sickening thrill through his heart. Those sounds are to him what fastening down the cosmis are to him what fastening down the cosmis are to him what fastening down the complex folks there was no very great harm the condens of these border folks there was no very great harm the complex folks the complex folks the complex folks the complex folks th

ignited fagots.

And now the dusky fiends raise their wild voices in the triumphant scalp-song, and as the bright flames shoot higher and higher, the doomed victim hears them dancing before his fiery prison in mad glee.

From that moment his nerves become steeled. He knows that death is inevitable, but he will rob his destroyers of their choicest morsel of revenge. They shall not boast that they killed his courage, as well as his body. Since die he must, he would die in sullen silence.

The flames leap higher. The heat grows more intense. The log is one blazing mass of coals. The suffocating heat fills the hollow. It scorches the sullen wretch. His face and scalp are one great blister. His blood seems boiling in his veins. Wild visions of the black past arise before him. He is assailed by a thousand weird phantoms. Devils are grappling with him. He fights—but in vain. They drag him forth from his blazing refuge—

A horrible yell bursts from his lips, and rendered insane by the frightful torture, he works his way out of the flery circle. As he springs to his feet, his garments burst into flame. He is a mass of living fire!

The savages range themselves in a semicircle, of which the edge of the chasm forms the chord. As the blazing, maddened half-breed rushes forward, he is met and turned back by the rifle-barrels and lance-butts of the wildly exulting savages. Time and again is he thus repulsed.

xulting savages. Time and again is he thus re-

bulsed.

Then—for one brief instant his brain seems to clear. He glares swiftly around him. He cushes to the brink of the abyss. He rises in the air—shoots forward—alights fairly upon the further bank!

But his powers are exhausted in that mighty effort. He totters—sinks down upon his knees. A fragment of rock gives way beneath his weight. He catches upon his breast. Inch by inch he slips down. He fights in desperate silence for his life. But the fates are against him. One wild scream of horror—a swift-falling form from which the flames burst out anew—a faint thud!

Turn-over, the half-breed, was dead! THE END.

Johnnie Armstrong;

The King of the Moss-Troopers A Romance of the Scottish Border.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG was taken at last, the boldest moss-trooper of all the bold riders, who, on the border-land, had laughed to scorn both the lion and thistle banner—was safe and sound in the strong box in Edinburgh, there to be tried for his life for high treason.

This Johnnie Armstrong was a bold spearsman who had set himself up as a king on the border, and as he was backed by a troop of doughty riders, who feared neither man nor devil, it was a long time before he was brought to grief; but the pitcher that goes often to the well, etc.—the adage is old and trite; and so it happened that, after five years of successful defiance both to Scotland and to England, for it often happened that bold Johnnie, when beeves were scarce in Scotland did not scruple to cross the English line and drive a foray even into were scarce in Scotland did not scruple to cross the English line and drive a foray even into fair Northumberland, and that on one of these occasions, hotly pursued by the English spearsmen over the border line, Johnnie had run full tilt into a large Scottish force sent out expressly to capture him.

To fight was out of the question, and so, with sore dismay, Johnnie abandoned the fat English beeves that were so much needed to replenish the larder at home and cried out to his men:

en:
"Each for himself and the flend take the

indmost! The moss-troopers scattered and prepared to ead the king's soldiers a merry chase, as they ad often done befor, for, being perfectly fa-niliar with the ground, they were able to easily seffle nursuit

miliar with the ground, they were able to easny baffle pursuit.

"A good horse and a sharp pair of spurs will often save a man's neck in this world!" Johnnie exclaimed, as he rode gayly away; but, fate was against him this time; his horse put his foot in a hole, down went the beast on his knees, and though the rider was as good a one as ever bestrode a steed in Scotland, still it was not in mortal man to keep the saddle under such circumstances.

mortal man to keep the saude mustances.

The moss-trooper turned a complete summerset and landed upon the flat of his broad back.

Although half-stunned by the fall he managed to scramble to his feet and draw his trusty blade, but a dozen horsemen surrounded him and a dozen weapons menaced his life.

"Strike him not!" cried the voice of one who was evidently a captain in the band. "It is Johnnie Armstrong himself, and the regent will give many a broad gold-piece to hold him a prisoner, unharmed, in Edinburgh town."

"That will never be!" exclaimed the moss-

"That will never be!" exclaimed the moss-trooper, making a desperate rush forward and endeavoring to break through the line of steel which surrounded him, but, what could one man even though that man was Johnnie Armstrong do against a host? Quickly they beat him to his knee, then by

main force pressed him to the earth and bound his stout, strong limbs with cruel cords, and like the vilest criminal carried him straight to Edin-

the vilest crimmal carried him straight to Edinburgh.

Great was the glee of the regent and his court when the news of the capture reached them, and in great crowds the gallants of Edinburgh came to look upon the man who had for so long a time defied the power of the royal forces.

The regent swore roundly with many an oath that the capture of the outlaw was worth the loss of a strong tower.

And then they put the moss-trooper upon his

And then they put the moss-trooper upon his

trial.

This lord came forward and swore that John-nie had harried his lands and stolen fifty

"He is my foe—he and all his clan!" Johnnie had answered, indignantly. "Many's the time that he and his have come with fire and brand against me!"

"A lie—a lie!" the lordling protested. "I
take Heaven to witness I never did him harm
except in self-defense; and surely it is no wrong
to strike back when rudely attacked!"

Another lord repeated the tale; a third and a

Another ford repeated the tale; a third and a fourth took up the cry. Never was there such a ruffianly ruffian as Johnnie Armstrong!

The moss-trooper's plea that he but returned the blows which had been given him, a little harder perhaps, but still provoked, went for

harder perhaps, but still provoked, went for naught.

The Lord Chief Justice, who sat on the bench—for Johnnie was tried with all the honors—decided that the border lord was a most thorough villain and to blame in every case, and then, after due argument and grave deliberation, Johnnie Armstrong was sentenced to be hung—to die the death of a dog.

Vainly the outraged outlaw pleaded for a soldier's death; the law decreed the rope, and the rope it must be.

dier's death; the law decreed the rope, and the rope it must be.

They carried the now desperate man back to his prison-cell and locked him tightly in. Short time had they given the moss-trooper to make his peace with Heaven, for within a week he was to stretch the rope.

The news of the death to which Johnnie Armstrong had been doomed sent a chill of horror through the border-side, for to the notions of these border folks there was no very great harm

tive moss-trooper.

Safe in Edinburgh jail he bided, and not even England's power could tear him thence; how then could the border lords hope to help their

then could the border lords hope to help their captive friend?

But, woman's wit succeeds sometimes when man's skill and cunning are of no avail.

The wife of the captive, impelled by that great love which dwelt in her heart for the father of her children, thought of a scheme by means of which he might be saved.

This scheme she did not impart to a mortal soul; she was almost afraid to whisper it to herself in the silence of her chamber lest some spirit of the air might carry it to the ears of the moody regent at Edinburgh.

Ten trusty men she took with her, the best of her husband's band, and setting out at night by unfrequented roads made the best of her way to Edinburgh.

Two days before the one on which her hus-

Two days before the one on which her husband was doomed to die she arrived at the cap-

ital.

A desperate device she had planned, and this was nothing more nor less than the kidnapping of the Lord Chief Justice of the realm, the man who had condemned her husband to death, and holding him a hostage for the safety of the moss

who had condemned her husband to death, and holding him a hostage for the safety of the mosstrooper.

A wild and reckless plan but the very boldness of it made it successful.

The moss-troopers, when the matter was confided to them, which was not until the last moment, swore by their thumbs to attempt it even though it cost the life of every one of them.

The gates of the city were not closed until nine. The Chief Justice, whose abode was quite near to one of the gates, was assulted as he left his house shortly after eight in the evening to go to the palace, plucked violently from the midst of his escort, who fled in terror from the maked blades of the flerce moss-troopers, wrapped in a cloak and carried in haste through the city gates before the astonished warden could discover what was the matter.

Pursuit of course was given at once, but the

Pursuit of course was given at once, but the desperate band had far too much start and easily gained their wild fastness with their

easily gained their wild fastness with their prey.
Safe in the border-land, the wife, of Johnnie Armstrong made known her conditions.

"Prisoner for prisoner!" she declared.
The regent, outraged, swore that he would hang the moss-trooper without delay, but the lady swore fully as stoutly that if he did the Lord Chief Justice should swing.

And the regent dared not fulfill his threat, for he feared that the wife of the moss-trooper would be as good as her word, and so, to make a long story short, after due deliberation and great delivery of words, the moss-trooper was exchanged for the man who had sentenced him to hang.

to hang.

The wild rider had been saved by the wee wife, and often he was wont to declare, that there was no moss-trooper in his band half as good a man as the wife of Johnnie Armstrong.

"The Styles" in Hair.

Fanciful complications of finger-puffs, set high on the head, are in greater favor than any other style in the arrangement of the hair. Frizzes and short curls around the face are very much worn, and in many instances are brought so low upon the forehead as to be in very bad taste. This, however, is only done by those who in all things rush into extremes. The best class of people and those who dress with most taste preserve moderation.

"Banging" the hair across the forehead, although chiefly adopted by children, is, nevertheless, seen in the case of grown persons. A unique style of coiffure consists of a small, soft coil worn high on the head and the front hair "banged." In consequence of the tendency toward unique complications, ornamental combs are in much favor. Oftentimes the comb is placed at the back of a cluster of puffs, in securing support thereto, or again, it is put carelessly wherever it may seem appropriate. Tortoiseshell combs are oftenest seen, but jet, ivory, gold, or silver form not unfrequent additions among the wealthier classes, while persons of moderate means content themselves with imitations.

Braids, except in chatelaine style, are seldom

Braids, except in chatelaine style, are seldom seen; they are not excluded, but they are hardly in favor. If the coil, whether twisted or braided, be worn, it should not be large. Curls are seldom worn; long curls not at all. At all

braided, be worn, it should not be large. Curls are seldom worn; long curls not at all. At all times, however, but especially for evening, curls are a very graceful finish, but at present should not exceed four inches in length.

The Grecian coil can hardly be mentioned as fashionable; it is rather an occasional and allowable departure from fashionable ideas, indulged in at times by ladies who tire of sameness, and who now and then introduce a sort of abandon into the toilet, which, within limits, is not displeasing. Another style, which may be mentioned rather as an allowable departure from conventionality than as the adopted mode of dressing the hair, is the Pompadour roll in front, over which the hair is drawn plainly back to meet finger-puffs or soft coils. It is quite becoming to some faces, and the more pleasing because not often seen. Puffs, braids or coils placed "half-way" on the head—that is, neither high nor low—is an objectionable style. Make your choice; arrange your hair either quite low or high, but do not halt half-way.

"Coquettes," showing the hair softly waved without a part in the middle, and attached to a wire by which they can be inserted under finger puffs or any other style of coiffure, are quite pretty and afford variety. They cost \$1.25. Invisibles of gray hair are particularly desirable for elderly ladies, and range in price from \$6 to \$18, the latter being of pure white hair.

First-class gray hair, especially long hair, is very expensive, increasing rapidly in price as it approaches pure white; and for this reason a substitute has been introduced in the "refined yak," which is the better liked as it becomes better known. The difference from real hair cannot be told except by an expert. It can be mixed with other hair to any desired extent, when partially gray hair is desired, and of course at proportionately less cost than when real white hair is mixed in.

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Kind friends are near her
Little Major,
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Lulu Lee,
Mother kissed me in my dream,
dream,

dream,

dream,

Amother's chair,

I'me song of the guard,
The Virginia rosebud,
The wherewithal,
They pray for us at home
Tom Thumb's wedding,
Trust to luck,
Uncle Joe's hail Columbia,
Was my brother in the battle?
We's gwine to heah from home,

dream,
My little valley home,
My love is on the battlefield,
Ob, baby mine,
Oh, George, you tickle
me so,
On the field of battle,
mother,

We's gwine to hear from
home,
What is home without a
wife?
Whene'er I think of thee
When silver locks replace the gold,
Willow cot,
You say I know not why
I'm sad.

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BY JOE JOT, JR.

The morn begins to break—in pieces The darkness, with the snoring, ceases; And those who've dreampt they've slept a year Are now beginning to appear; And everybody is as cross As double X's, and full of sauce

After a night's serene repose You'd like to know the matter with those-

Who all forget their pleasant dreams And fill the house with growls and screams. That person never yet was born Who gets up smiling in the morn I wonder why the prettiest face At morning wears but little grace? It seems that beauty which you love Is all left in the room above.

The morning is a trying time To loveliness, in any clime. Life seems to be begun again In style that goes against the grain. And best of tempers in the wake Are somehow very sure to break. And everything is upside down With the best people in the town.

A very early morning call Don't come in "relishes" at all. The milkman rings thrice at the gate For the maid, as usual, is late. You give the fire another turn; Your fingers not the wood will burn. Cold water on your faces freezes While your desire of cleanness ceases You knew just when your neighbors woke The time his flues began to smoke.

The good things you laid off to do To-day you recollect but few. The ill-deeds you did yesterday Quite properly have passed away. The air is full of breakfast scents— Fried ham and eggs with condiments The frequent blows of the catarrh And morning coughs resound afar.

The wrinkles round your eyes are deep; You wear a general air of sleep. You don't feel pretty good, and move Up closer to the kitchen stove, Till breakfast is announced at last Then you warm up by eating fast.

Mississippi River Life in '56.

A Series of Western Character Sketches BY PHILIP S. WARNE, AUTHOR OF "TIGER DICK," "ELEGANT EGBERT,"

THE PRIDE O' THE ST. LOUIS.

WITH his shovel the fireman of the Belle of the Missouri threw open the furnace-doors, letting the ruddy light stream all over him and far out into the night. When he tossed in the wood, the flame-tongues leaped up and lapped it voraciously. Then the doors were closed, and the phantoms of the night chased the light to the very portals of its retreat.

"Crossgrove," said the fireman, "what makes

the very portals of its retreat.

"Crossgrove," said the fireman, "what makes you so somber to-night?"

The engineer came out of his reverie, rose and looked at the steam-gauge, tried the watercecks, saw that the engines were running all right, and sat down again.

"Boys," he said, "this is the anniversary of a queer leetle bit o' romance that happened on the St. Louis, five year ago. I was firin' then, under as good an engineer as ye could scare up.

"Old Mart Kimball had his ways, as the best of us does; but I reckon that everybody who had dealin's with him found that he'd come in on the level an' go out on the square.

of us does; but I reckon that everybody who had dealin's with him found that he'd come in on the level an' go out on the square.

* He wa'n't much on handsome; but he could chaw a bigger cud o' tobaccer than ary man I ever see; an' he could stan' up under a power o' chain-lightnin', Mart could.

"He wa'n't on the beat anywhar except at cards; but thar he could stock 'em an' deal from the top or bottom jest beautiful! But he always said that when two galoots sot down to gamble, it was an understood thing that it was to be t'other an' which between 'em, which could kkin the other out o' his eye-teeth; an' the one that got his comb cut mustn't squeal.

"To wind up on, Mart never shook a friend, nor was backed down by a foe!

"Wal, one night we was goin' up the river when the darkness was so thick that it come powerful nigh scrapin' all the paint off the flag-

when the darkness was so thick that it come powerful nigh scrapin' all the paint off the flag-staff cuttin' through it. I reckon if you'd cut a chunk out you couldn't 'a' tole it from soft coal. "I had jest been firin' up, an' banged to the last door, when Mart ripped out an oath that made me jump; fur he spit it out jest like a pistol-shot.

Then he velled:

"Then he yelled:
"Open that door ag'in, Jim, fur God's sake!"
"But before I could raise a finger, he grabbed the shovel out o' my hand, opened the door himself, dropped the shovel an' run for'ard.
"Thar I see him look out ahead, then throw himself flat on his belly and reach over the side.
"I heard a slight bump ag'in the side, and started for'ard to see what Mart had picked up; but, fellers, I hadn't got ten steps before he yelled to me;

but, fellers, I hadn't got ten steps before he yelled to me:

"Shut down them blasted engines, before they pull my arms out at the shoulders!"

(Here we do not render Crossgrove's narrative faithfully; for he repeated rerbatim the profanity with which Mart Kimball, in his excitement, enforced his injunction, but which we spare the reader.)

"Gents" nursued the engineer "they were the reader.)

"Gents," pursued the engineer, "thar was that in Mart Kimball's voice, as he gritted his words between his teeth, that let me know that he was hangin' onto somethin' like grim death; an' you bet I wa'n't slow in backin' them engines fur all they was worth
"I heard the pilot holler through the speakin'-

Hallo! What's up?

"Hallo! What's up?"
"But I didn't waste no breath on him.
"I heard Mart Kimball swearin' like a lunatic; an' when I turned, after reversin' the engines, I see him standin' up an' holdin' a bundle in his hands that dripped with water.
"In his quiet moments Mart wouldn't 'a' done to run a Bible-class; but when he was mad or excited he'd jest raise slate shingles off'm ary meetin'-house that 'u'd hold him. Now he was jest rollin' out the swear-words in solid chunks, est rollin' out the swear-words in solid chunks, o fast that they tumbled over each other. You bet he was a mad Mart, about somethin'-no-

body knowed what.

"All of a sudden he belched out a bigger oath than any o' the rest, an' follered it up with:
"'What a blasted fool I be, standin' hyar, doin' nothin' but yawp! Hallo, thar! bring lights

With that he laid his drippin' bundle down on the deck, passed me on the keen jump, grabbed up a lantern and went aft, dodgin' between the wood an' freight like chain-lightnin' through a crab-apple orchard.

"By this time the roustabouts were crawlin'

out o' their holes, an' the captain come tumblin' down the stairs, lookin' mighty white around the gills. The passengers, too, had got wind o' the row; an' they was a scart-out community,

fur rocks!
"Without tryin' to answer the half-million or so questions that they asked all in a breath, I said:

said:
"'This way, cap'n!"
"An' grabbin' a lantern, I run aft with the captain at my heels.
"Thar we see Mart Kimball flashin' the light.

of his lantern out over the water, astern. The captain shouldered through the roustabouts, grabbed Mart, an' demanded:

"'What in blazes is the matter?"
"'That thar's the matter!' yelled Mart. An'
I thought, at the fust glance, that he was shakin' his fist under the captain's nose. But he kept

on:

""D'ye see that? That's out of a woman's head—that is! That blasted river pulled her out o' my grip; an' now she's out thar, some'r's, jest because them infernal engines couldn't be stopped quick enough."

"Then I see he had a handful o' long ha'r in his fist.

"Git out a boat!' yelled the captain; an' the way that boat was launched, wa'n't slow.

"By this time the pilot was ringin' like mad to go ahead. I had forgotten all about the entities that was blazin' away on the reverse, an' ever.

"He women-folks standin' round, bossin' the job.

"They made room fur Mart, an' you'd orter 'a' seen his face, as he went up on tiptoe, with his hat under his arm.

"Boys, I was in Californy in '49, an' I see a feller pick up a nugget o' gold onc't. He was the only man that I eversee smile anything like Mart smiled when he looked at that baby.

"The women-folks standin' round, bossin' the job.

"They made room fur Mart, an' you'd orter 'a' seen his face, as he went up on tiptoe, with his hat under his arm.

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to go ahead. I had forgotten all about the enjines, that was blazin' away on the reverse, an'
I was too much excited to pay any attention to
the bell; but Mart had answered that ring so
often that I reckon, if the ghost of his grandmother had appeared before him, he'd 'a' made
the old lady wait until he changed them eccentries

tries.

"So Mart jumped through the crowd an' set the wheels a-goin' the other way; an' as we begun to gain head ag'in' the current, I felt three distinct bumps, which showed how near we had come to driftin' on a rocky shoal.

"Then Mart went for'ard an' got the bundle he'd left on the deck, an' brought it back to whar the light from the open furnace door would fall on it; an' I heard a sound that surprised me at first, though it was nateral enough. It was the cryin' of a baby.

"You'd orter 'a' seen Mart, as he held it. It mought 'a' been glass, he hung onto it so gingerly.

gerly.

"'Don't cry, little 'un!' says he, an' I never heard his voice so soft an' coaxin'.

"Then he looked up, an' thar was somethin' powerful solemn an' sorrowful in his face, as he says, says he:

"'I shouldn't wonder if it knowed, somehow,

"'I shouldn't wonder if it knowed, somehow, that its dam is gone up the flume.'
"He went on talkin' to the kid, jest as if it could understand him, an' he says:
"'Poor leetle critter! You're a wee bit of a chick to be all alone in this hyar big world; but I reckon we kin give you a warmer berth than a plank adrift on the Missouri, sich a night as this.'

"Then he told us how he see the woman floatin' on some boards that might have been a door, or part of the side of a shanty. He reckoned she was in her night clo's; an' it was the white

two hours. Then word come that it was awake. "We found it in the after cabin, with the stewardess a feedin' of it with a spoon, an' the hull raft o' women-folks standin' round, bossin'

ever.

"Then he poked out his finger, as if he was afraid to touch it with his big paw; an' the baby grabbed the finger with both hands an' stuck it into its mouth. I reckon it didn't taste good; fur the baby let go, an' made a wry face.

"But Mart was tickled to death; an' whirlin' around he aimed a blow at my ribs that 'u'd 'a' put a hole clean through me, I reckon, if I hadn't parried it.

n't parried it.

"At first the women didn't know but it was a fight, an' one of 'em hollered right smart, you bet! But Mart clapped both hands on his knees, chucked back his head, an' laughed fit to raise the hurricane-deck.

""Haw! haw! haw! Pardner,' he says to me pokin' me in the ribs with his thursh

"'Haw! haw! haw! Pardner,' he says to me, pokin' me in the ribs with his thumb, 'd'ye ever see such a leetle cuss! Took a double half-hitch around that finger, by —, an' chucked it into its mouth, as if it was a sugar-plum! Haw! haw! haw! he! he! ha! hal—ho!"

"While he was laughin' he held up his finger an' performed a sort of war-dance around it. Then he tossed his hat in the air, caught it on the side of his head, stuck his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest, an' strutted about in a way that 'u'd 'a' made a horse laugh. But the baby bu'sted out cryin' before he got well started, an' he quit.

ed, an' he quit.
"'Hallo! What's broke loose now? says he.
'Bu'st my b'iler ef the leetle cuss hain't got more
music in its yawp than a hull raft o' steamboat

whistles.'
""Mart Kimball! says the stewardess, 'you orter be ashamed o' you'self, kickin' up sich a rumpus, an' sw'arin' right before the baby, to say nuffin' 'bout dese hyar ladies dat all heared

'Did I sw'ar?' says Mart.

her?"
Paul Bonnell laughed—a short, scornful, mirthless laugh it was—and answered, steadily, "I think I admire her as much as you do, only I am beyond the day of heroics; but, as for loving her—why, that is quite out of my line."
La Grange was about to make a bantering answer; but there was something in his companion's face, a dark, brooding shadow, which kept him silent as the two walked on toward the seaside cottage where the woman they had

kept him silent as the two walked on toward the seaside cottage where the woman they had been canvassing stood in the wide doorway making a perfect picture in her white draperies. "So you are really back," she cried, lightly, advancing a step toward the gentlemen whose coming she had been watching; "and what kind of a time have you had?"

"Delightful," said La Grange.
"And it will be a delightful evening," added Paul Bonnell, quietly. "You will be sure to enjoy the yachting by moonlight."

"Are you not going?" turning toward Paul.
"No."

Pearl felt her face betraying the thrill of dis-appointment that came to her with that low-oned, gravely-indifferent answer, and turned appointment that came to her with that low-toned, gravely-indifferent answer, and turned quickly away from the dark, scrutinizing eyes. Paul entered the house. After a few laughing words exchanged with La Grange Miss Radcliffe, too, entered the hall and ran up the broad stairway that led to her room. By one of the opened windows, looking out upon the sea, Bonnell awaited her.

"Miss Radcliffe, stop a moment," he commanded, as she would have passed him.

Pearl stood silent before him, her fair young face proudly calm, her winsome eyes meeting his in a questioning that was both haughty and yet yieldingly sweet.

"I wanted to say good-by. I shall be gone when you and the others return to-night."

"Gone? So suddenly? Is there any necessity? Does Mrs. Chillingworth know?"

In the excited questioning, the swift flickerings of color in cheek and lips, Paul Bonnell read Pearl Radcliffe's heart.

"Yes." he said, calmly, "there is necessity. I am going to tell Mrs. Chillingworth now.

"Why not? You have every requisite for success; position, youth, appearance and wealth."
"But you..."
"Bah! Don't think of me, boy. I am not in the lists, as you say, at all."
"You cannot mean that you do not admire Miss Radcliffe—that you are not in love with her?"
Paul Bonnell laughed—a short, scornful, mirthless laugh it was—and answered, steadily, "I think I admire her as much as you do, only I am beyond the day of heroics; but, as for loving her—why, that is quite out of my line."
La Grange was about to make a bantering ahswer; but there was something in his companion's face, a dark, brooding shadow, which kept him silent as the two walked on toward the cannot!"

I thought I could live and not see you. I find I cannot!"
"It is late to tell me that!" she exclaimed, bitterly. "Do you know that I—"
"That you are to marry La Grange Chilling-worth? Yes, I know! God help me—I know! Know, and cannot claim my own! Mine by every right wherewith Nature has molded us two, her children, for each other!"
Pearl stood up and questioned, solemnly:
"Paul Bonnell, has my soul been true to its instincts, and have my senses, only, been confused? Do you love me? You shall tell me!"
"Pearl, I love you as only a man can love the being who is the other half of himself—the one mortal who could complete and perfect his life!
Tell me, truly!"

mortal who could complete and perfect his life! Tell me, truly!"

"Then I will marry you! Stop—you shall not tell me that you are poor and lowly born! Your pride shall not separate us. I will fling away all my wealth for your sake. I will come to you as poor as King Cophetna's beggar-maid. I care not what you are to others—to me you are my life, my love, my royal master!"

Paul's arms gathered this woman he loved, and who so madly loved him, to his breast. He covered her mouth with a few flerce kisses. He dropped tears—a strong man's tears, wrung out by agony, hot as his heart's blood, upon her young face.

"Pearl, it cannot be! Heaven help you! How I wish those words might kill you. It would be better so,"

Ha raised her dropped head, from his become

He raised her drooped head from his bosom.

A line of scarlet crossed her cheek. The girl felt the pain, and saw his look of horror. She put up her hand, and lowered it red with blood.

"What is it?" she questioned, faintly, her eyes fixed upon his dilated, agonized ones.

"The accursed thing!" he muttered, tearing at a slender golden chain holding a crucifix upon his bosom. "The accursed thing! It is red with her blood, yet I must wear it! Pearl, this badge separates us—separates us—eternally!

"Paul, I cannot understand you, but you do not frighten me. Tell me what it is that stands between us."

"See your eyes turn from me in aversion?

"See your eyes turn from me in aversion? Feel your form shiver with loathing? Never?"
"But I shall not hate, I shall not despise. I

"But I shall not hate, I shall not despise. I shall love, love, just the same!"

"Impossible! Farewell! I must go!"

"Paul, you shall not go, until you make your confession! I will hear it!" The girl clung to him, pale, resolute, passionately strengthful, like some despairing, desperate spirit.

"You will hear? Then go to Lady Dartley; Leaside Park is next this. Tell her Paul Bonnell sent you. She will not spare you nor me. After that, if you can come to me, and say, 'Paul, before we part, hear me—I love you!' you will find me waiting here. Let it be tomorrow. Take one day to think of it. You will repent."

"I shall not!" cried the girl, as Bonnell tore himself away.

Alone Pearl Radcliffe had sought Leaside Park. Her card had been carried to its solitary, secluded mistress, with Paul Bonnell's message penciled upon it. The name proved talismanic. The pale, resolute-eyed visitor was shown to the door of Lady Dartley's apartment. With unflinching nerves she entered through the dark doorway into a lofty room filled with gloomy old furniture and the presence of a woman whose youth and beauty were prematurely faded, and who wore a white garb as of a religious recluse. Beads and a crucifix hung at her side, and a slender golden chain and crucifix, identical with that worn by Paul Bonnell, was fastened about her throat.

"I am come to learn by what oath Paul Bon-nell is at your mercy, and may not marry a wo-man he loves?"

For an instant Lady Dartley gazed with cold hatred into the questioner's eyes. Then she answered, slowly:

wered, slowly:
"So you are the woman Paul Bonnell loves!
Ay! and he loves you, as he never did me! But
you—bah! how long will you care for him when
I tell you that he is a—murderer?"

Pearl shivered as a stray leaflet struck by a rude storm-blast.

"How is it that you alone can say this of him?" she forced herself to ask.

"Ha! I doubted if your love would stand that knowledge! And yet I, whom he fancied, briefly, and hates, now, have kept that secret for him, all these years, though it was my brother whom he murdered!"

"Kept it at the price of what oath?"

"That he shall never marry! Do you care to

'That he shall never marry! Do you care to

hear more, girl?"
"No! If there is more to tell, Paul shall be

s own accuser."
"You will go to him—now!" The woman sprung up furious as an enraged animal. But Miss Radcliffe was beyond her power.

"Paul, my love, I have heard part. You shall tell me the rest. Speak, Paul!" The girl slip-ped upon her knees before the form sitting rigid upon the rustic seat of the little vine-gloomed temple; but the dark-lashed lids were not raised from the pallid cheeks; the compressed lips gave

'Paul! Paul! Hear me! It is Pearl. She Still no answer. The pleader tore aside the darkening vines, and let the sunlight fall across Paul's worn face, and knew that however he had sinned, however he had suffered, the sin was explated, the suffering ended.

The disturbed house of Chillingworth was more disturbed when a message from Lady Dartley commanded Miss Radcliffe to Leaside Park, before the coffined-form of Paul Bonnell should be carried thence to a ferny grave in the shady yard of the castle chapel.

La Grange, you must come, too," Pearl said.

"La Grange, you must come, too," Pearl said, gravely.

In the somber drawing-room, closed, until now, since the death of Ralph Dartley, and the self-incarceration of his sister—the last of the direct Dartley line—Paul Bonnell's body lay; and across it Elinor Dartley made her confession to Pearl Radeliffe.

"You cannot guess how I loved this man. I cared not that I was rich and he poor, and that my rank and wealth were, mayhap, more to him than myself. We made our arrangements to elope. My brother, Ralph, discovered our plans, and intercepted us. Paul drew a pistol and fired. The ball missed its mark. I seized the whip and urged the horse on with a plunge and fred. The ball missed its mark. I seized the whip and urged the horse on with a plunge that threw our captor far to the side of the road. Paul would come back, then. Ralph was carried home—and died. He died—from the effects of the blow of the horse's hoof upon his head. But before his death he had recovered consciousness long enough to realize metal-recovered. his head. But before his death he had recovered consciousness long enough to make me take an oath not to marry Paul Bonnell. In expiation of what I had done, I vowed never to marry. But Paul—I resolved that, if I could not marry, neither should he! I told him that he was my brother's murderer. That the pistol-shot had caused Ralph's death, but that I had screened him, and would, if he would take an oath never to marry. The crucifix I put about his throat, and with it bound him to myself, and to the belief that he had taken my brother's life. But he was innocent. Here, over his dead body. I and with it bound him to myself, and to the belief that he had taken my brother's life. But he was innocent. Here, over his dead body, I swear it! I have sought to expiate one wrong by a life of rigid harshness, seclusion, and penances; but for this I can never atone! I can only free his name from the imputation with which I blackened it, and—die."

Lady Dartley withdrew from the room, and in the five years longer of her miserable life—no human being, but her maid, saw the guilty woman. Mayhap, indeed, she expiated her sins. Who can tell?

Pearl bent above the pallid face—calm now

sins. Who can tell?

Pearl bent above the pallid face—calm now, in its icy slumbers—and pressed one caress upon the closed eyes.

"Paul, listen to me, darling! We are separated, but it is not for eternity! We are each other's, now—and for always, dear," she whispered.

"Why did you come back?" she cried, pas-mately.
"Because I am weaker than I deemed myself."

"Because I am weaker than I deemed myself."

"Because I am his bride—made so through death."



"I am come to learn by what oath Paul Bonnell is at your mercy?"

cloth that first caught his eye in the light from the furnace-door.
"Jest before the boat struck the raft, he see

"Jest before the boat struck the raft, he see that it was a woman layin' on her back with somethin' in her arms, which struck him as it mought be a baby. So he grabbed the baby with one hand an' the woman's arm with the other. But the current pulled her away from him, an' then he made a second grab fur her h'ar, an' hung on until it come out in his hand.

"When the women on the boat found out that thar was a baby down below, you'd orter 'a' seen 'em come troopin' down the stairs! The way they flocked about Mart an' the baby, you'd 'a' thought they was goin' to eat 'em both up. They called it all the dear little things an' poor little things, an' cried all round, an' wanted to hug it an' kiss it, all drippin' wet as it was.

"But Mark he says:
"Hold on, la lies! I reckon I've got salvage
in this hyar bit o' flotsam.'

An' he acte l as if he was afraid to let 'em "But they to'd him all together that it would ketch its death o' cold, if it didn't have dry cl'os on; so after awhile he give it up to the stewardess, to make it comfortable. But he wanted 'em

ess, to make it comfortable. But he wanted em all to understand that he was boss o' the consarn, an' meant to stand out fur his rights.

"The skiff come back without the woman. Whoever she was, I reckon goin' under the boat finished her. Then the St. Louis went on her

way.

"Them that knowed the ways of the river guessed that some poor devil had built his shanty too nigh the bank, an' in the darkness an' storm a land-slide had chucked the hull out-

an' storm a land-slide had chucked the hull outfit into the river; an' when the pilot got hold o'
the story, he allowed he could put his finger on
the shanty—he'd spotted it, he said, on the last
down trip. An' it wa'n't ten mile ahead.

"Sure enough, half a mile below whar the
shanty had stood we found a part o' the wreck,
caught by a snag. An' pinched between the
timbers lay a dead man, what had been called
while he was sleepin', an' perhaps dreamin' o'
makin' a comfortable home fur the woman an'
baby that laid by his side."

(The engineer did not use the word called in
the sense in which a minister would have used

the sense in which a minister would have used it. He drew his figure from the game of poker., ""Gents, said Mart Kimball, Treckon this set "Gents,' said Mart Kimball, 'I reckon this settles the proprietorship o' that bit o' humanity upstairs. She belongs to the boat, with Mart Kimball as head referee an' gineral boss. Now, hencefor'ard an' forever, I adopts her as mine, individually an' collectively, so help me Bob!"
"Then he went about his work, whistlin' softly to himself. An' every once in a while he'd snap his fingers an' grin, an' look as if he wanted to cut a pigeon's wing.
"At six we went off duty. He hadn't opened his head fur two hours, perhaps, when all of a sudden he fetched me a punch in the back that nearly floored me; an' when I turned round to

sudden he retched me a punch in the back that nearly floored me; an' when I turned round to see if the dog-goned fool had gone crazy, I found him grinnin' cl'ar back to the years.

"'Haw! haw! haw! he bellered, like a buffaler calf, 'ole Mart Kimball's a family man! Put it thar, pardner!—put it thar, fur ninety days!"

days!

'An', boys, he grabbed a-holt o' my hand with a grip that made my eyes water.

''Tom Crossgrove,' he winds up, 'consarn your ugly pictur'! come up an' see the family!'

'But the baby was asleep; an' Mart wandered around that boat as restless as a bed-bug fur ed around that boat as restless as a bed-bug fur ed."

wins that woman for his wife ought to feel himself the most fortunate of mortals."

'And why may not that man be you?" Bonnell asked, coldly.

"I? I have not the slightest chance in the lists against a man by whom all the women are fascinated."

"'Yes, you did! Not a minute ago!"
"That was only onc't."
"I reckon that was onc't too many."
"An' did the baby cry because I swore?"
"Wouldn't you cry, ef you was a little t'ing

like dat?'
"'Wal,' says Mart, 'I won't sw'ar no more. I'll be-An' then he stopped; fur it was right on the

end o' his tongue ag'in, he was so used to it Then he went on: ""Hyar, give it this leetle piece o' terbacker. That'll stop it, maybe.' "'Give a baby terbacker!' yells all the wo-men-folks, at once, an' throwed up their hands, an' held their breath."

Ain't that all right?' says Mart, lookin' a little scart.
"'Oh! the horrid critter!' they all yelled; an'
the way they hustled Mart out o' that cabin was

a caution.
"Mart called his baby the Pride o' the St. Louis, an' the story went the length o' the

"The next trip his watch come in the day-time; an' he had a little bunk built jest for'ard o' the starboard-engine, where it could lay on warm days an' play with the sunshine, while he watched it, goin' about his work. When the baby was around Mart didn't sw'ar; an' it soft-

baby was around hart durit to war, and the wide ened him up a power in every way.

"Mart hadn't nobody else in all the wide world, as he often said; an' when that baby sickened an' died, not six months after he pulled it was all the served to take all the ner out o' the river, it seemed to take all the neart an' life out of 'im. He had been as devil-nay-care a galoot as run the river before. Now he went about his work an' never opened his head. When he wa'n't at work he sot an' studied an' studied. Dark nights, like this, he was always restless, an' kept lookin' out ahead as if he expected to see somethin' or other."

As if in answer to the engineer's words, a rude you'ce came from the cabin above through the

voice came from the cabin above, through the door at this moment opened by the traveler who had stood so long on the forward deck.

"You're a liar!—an' I kin mop the floor with ye till ye won't fetch two cents a pound fur

ap-grease!"
(To be continued—commenced in No. 455.)

The Love a Woman Bears.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

tenance in striking contrast to his companion's utter inscrutableness.

'Nonsense! You were thinking of her at that moment. What is it that you think?'

The younger man's face was all aglow as he answered, with honest enthusiasm:

"That she is divine! The most rester.

"WELL?" with a cynical intonation in the deep, low voice, and a half-smile flickering across the dark face of the speaker.

"'Well? what?" said La Grange Chillingworth, his boyish, ringing tones and frank coun-

answered, with honest enthusiasm:
"That she is divine! The most perfect woman I know. I tell you, Bonnell, the man who wins that woman for his wife ought to feel himself the most fortunate of mortals."

Good-by; I wish you all manner of happiness. Though that is all nonsense. It is your destiny to be happy, when I am out of your pathway; and, since we shall never meet again, the wish and the wisher will speedily be forgotten."

He was trying both her strength and his own. For he must have known how his words hurt her. When he held out his hand in parting the girl withheld hers, angrily. He accepted her decree, mutely, and turned away with a bow. Then, swiftly, almost involuntarily, Pearl revoked her decision, held out one hand—held out both hands—was clasped in Paul's arms.

oth hands—was clasped in Paul's arms.

"Pearl! Pearl! I know you love me, child;
ut you must not! You must not! I am a but you must not! n of the people, and poor!"

What matters that? I am rich! Rich en-

ough for us both," whispered Pearl, while his throbbing pulses, his clasping arms, his hot caress upon her face, seemed to proclaim that Bonnell loved her. What matters that? It matters this much "'What matters that?" It matters this much—that it has separated us to all eternity. What am I that I dare aspire to the hand of Pearl Radcliffe, the heiress and last of a proud line?"
"You are Mrs. Chillingworth's guest."
"Because Mrs. Chillingworth's slip of a son chooses to like me and my society. What do they know of me that they should give to my keeping this jewel that they covet to exhibit as their own?"
"Paul you talk so strangely I cannot follow."

"Paul, you talk so strangely I cannot follow you. But Mrs. Chillingworth is my chaperon, not my guardian. I have a right to bestow my love where I will."

love my guardian. I have a right to bestow my love where I will."

"But not on me, child; I have not been guilty of seeking it. Of that wrong I can hold myself free; and now I must go away that you may forget me! Farewell—you will soon recover from the bitterness of that word!"

He unwound his arms from about the slender form, and walked away without one backward clanca. He had said that she would soon re-

form, and walked away without one backward glance. He had said that she would soon recover from the bitterness of that word, farewell. He knew that he never could. Ah, if he had but told that, too, to Pearl!

She went down to dinner that night without betraying one trace of what she had suffered, was suffering, save by a trifle of unwonted palwas suffering, save by a trifle of unwonted pallor; and the next day—the day after Paul Bonnell's departure from the seaside cottage—all of Mrs. Chillingworth's guests knew that La Grange Chillingworth was betrothed to the noble young heiress.

The book over which the lady was bending slipped from her lap. She grew pale and shivered. For a moment she could not control herself to meet the gaze she felt burning down upon her. But when she lifted her face, despite its cold hauteur, Paul Bonnell saw the change the months had wrought there—the weary, unsatisfied, bitter look which struggles with a love she could not conquer but which she contemned herself for possessing, had induced, and his heart bled for this girl.

"Poor child! My poor darling!"
It had not needed those words, that unutterably pitiful, tender tone, to melt Pearl's heart toward the man who stood before her. He, too, had changed since their parting. The black heavy masses of hair were lined thickly with gray. The pale dark face was worn and haggard. The book over which the lady was bending

Pearl!"

with gray. The pale dark face was worn and haggard. "Why did you come back?" she cried, pas-